

TRASH COMPACTOR

RATED "X" BY AN ALL WHITE JURY

VOL. 2 #6 SUMMER '92 \$3.75 (Cheap!)



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CAN A MOVIE GO TOO FAR?

SYNOPSIS

Nice you could make it, friends of trash, random pornography and sudden tense shifts. We're back after a long vacation - our faces buried in shards of broken cultural references, recovering from not only the death of Angelique Pettyjohn but from an all around decline in good old fashioned Blaxploitation films. It worries us. Forget New Jack City, Boyz In The Hood, Juice - forget fuckin' Kid N' Play cause none of them could cut it for two minutes on a classic 42nd St. double bill with Pam Grier or Rudy Ray Moore. Wesley Snipes? Uh-huh, Really. Any of the above mentioned nouvelle vague Afro American "action" films could safely play a suburban multiplex - could you picture Black Klansman playing the malls of North America? Cleopatra Jones taking up a 8" by 10" shoebox screen that could be used for the latest Stallone flop? Could Spike Lee ever prepare himself for Soul Vengeance as a piece of Black film history? Speaking of a Spike Lee Joint could you believe mass produced Avenging Disco Godfather Roots caps and \$150.00 leather jackets? It's a world I'd like to live in but it ain't gonna happen 'cause The Man has closed down most of the Grind Houses and replaced them with the celluloid crack houses of Lee and his Stacker Lee homeboy John Singleton. Mickey Rourke was definitely a punch drunk cracker when he claimed that the "malicious prophets of black cinema", Spike and John, had a hand in "instigating" the L.A. riots. Their diversions couldn't spark restlessness in a drunken Friday night grindhouse crowd. Basically comments like this are why Rourke's a star in France and Black Gestapo isn't regarded as a classic today. It's the eighties man (or woman or whatever the hell is PC enough) and like everything else the future is not only in the past but is the past. That golden age of Blaxploitation that nobody has bothered to honor with a glossy coffee table tome is not whatever opens this Friday but twenty sickening years ago - more or less. Actually I liked Larry Fishburn in King Of New York but we're going to try to forget that (it was White Gangster, not O.G. anyway) as we thank these poor fools who somehow regrettably aided in bringing this issue out. If it wasn't for most of them we'd of had this issue out on time. Thanks to Noah Cowan, Susan Norget and Gisele Gordon at the Festival, Glenn Salter, Steve and Sean at the Beguiling, Merrill and Louis at Suspect, Michael Weldon (visit the Psychotronic Store in NYC!), Steve Puchalski, Pete at Fandom Paradise, Robert at Vortex, Bruce McDonald, Chris Gore, CKLN 88.1 in Toronto (tune into the Deviant Culture Exchange Wednesdays at 2 pm), Ian Phillips, Steve Jarrett, Phillip Hogg and Colin Geddes for helping us drag ourselves in to the computer age, Mary Weronov, Reactor Girl, Glenn and Randi, Adfactor, This issue is dedicated to Ian Danzig with a special dedication to Angela, Mason Angelo and Holden Issac.

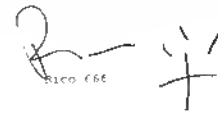
Beginning this issue we will be having a letters section. The two below are from people who didn't know their letters would be published but since we didn't have any "real" letters we thought a couple of "names" might lend a bit of credibility to an otherwise sorry under taking. Please address all sarcastic fan letters, petty threats and juvenile rants to TRASH CONFIDENTIAL, 253 College Street, Suite #108, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5T 1R5. Attempt to make it interesting as the editors bore easily. Thank you.

Dude,

I just got a chance to totally check out your zine a couple of weeks ago. It rocks! I'm into it dude! Wait till you check out my next films, I guarantee that they'll rock your world! I'm totally serious! 1)GLAMAZON - A documentary on Barbara "the Glamazon" Lemay,

sixty something semi-transsexual go-go/exotic/hootchie-kootchie dancer, ex carnival freak. In production - this rocks! 2)BABY BLUE LOVE - Fiction feature about Rose "Hot Pink" Love and Johnny "Red Hot" Fuego, drag racing adrenaline addicts, that harvest and shoot up their own body fluids for a sexual speed trip - and their adrenaline syndrome baby, Baby Blue Love. 3)MICRO MINI - sci-fi feature. THE FIGURE is she-male Asian Hispanic teenage super model runaway from the planet Micro-Mini, a planet that exists in a micro-chip. Disillusioned by its beauty, which it is simultaneously aroused by and in fear of, The Figure embarks on a search for a beauty from within, a beauty of its Soul! Anyway, I'd be stoked to get a copy of the article you did on me - assuming you did, that is.

Thanks! Later dude



Thanks for the good words as well as news on your future projects. An interview with Rico Martinez, director of the film *Desperate*, appears on page 34 of this issue.

Dear Trashcompactor,

Many thanks for the subscription and the first copy of TRASHCOMPACTOR. It's first rate. I really enjoy all the "zines" and only wish they'd been around when we were churning out our sleaze. The old Ontario Film Review Board is still in business I see. I remember Mr. Silverthorn, who headed the office many years ago. I recall some happy times in Toronto in the fifties when I'd bring shows into play the CNE with Conklin.

All the best,

David Friedman



CAST

Besides the usual editors' filler articles written by individual contributors will be followed by their initials.

Angela Ciavarella spends her spare time combing junk yards for her lost Catholicism Peter Dako is a very casual guy Steve Fentone says Happy Hour has now begun Colln Geddes is not stamped "Made In Hong Kong" Ira Glick was recently interviewed by Sandra Bernhart Hal Kelly wants you DEAD! So long fella, R.I.P. Jeffery Kennedy is probably just as amazed as you are John LaMont is in focus and ready! Geoff Marshall probably doesn't even know that he's a contributor Seth We missed you even though you really didn't go away Winston Sin is currently on Vatican assignment to Boys Town Fiona Smyth says five Hail Fiona's every night before bedtime Maurice Vellekoop has his birthday on July 11th also.

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THE JOHN ASHLEY INTERVIEW, PART 2:

1966-1990

**GREEN BLOOD, YELLOW NIGHT, BLACK MAMBA
AND
EXTENSIONS OF WILL
IN THE WEREWOLF'S TV EYE**

The fall 1990 issue of Trashcompactor contains the John Ashley Folklore Guide, research and critical pieces on the actor/producer's film and television career. Part 1 of the following interview is therein.

The first half of the interview covered the period 1956-1965: entry into the film business as featured player, then star of American International's motorcycle and hot rod movies; friendships and work with rock legends Eddie Cochran, Jerry Capehart, and Gene Vincent; J.A.'s singing career; the falling out with AIP; the first independent films; his first tv series; the return to AIP in the beach party pictures; pals Robert Conrad and the late Nick Adams; The Eye Creatures.

We pick up the interview with the movie debut of the late Marty Robbins, *Hell on Wheels* (1967). It might be a good idea to keep the filmography in the previous issue handy, for historical perspective.

WARNING: Reading part 2 of the interview without reading part 1 is like watching *The Beast of Blood* without having seen *The Mad Doctor of Blood Island*. This is dangerous! You won't be protected from becoming a green-blooded monster, forced to see life through a manually operated zoom lens.

TRASHCOMPACTOR: The end credits of *Hell on Wheels* state that the film was made in Hollywood. The movie wasn't shot in Hollywood, was it?

JOHN ASHLEY: No. The entire movie was shot in Nashville, Tennessee. Once again, it was another independent company. Marty was a terrific fellow and a great singer, and I was a big fan of his. He was a stock car racer, loved stock cars, and the producers had put this thing together. They said to me that this was going to be his motion picture debut, and they needed me to play his brother and basically carry the movie. So I went down there for six or seven weeks.

to slum it for one week and try to shock their politically correct white middle class book worm audience. Anyway, I was on

I'd never been to Nashville, and Marty really showed me around. Being from Oklahoma, I'm a big country and western fan. I got a chance to meet a lot of the guys I had heard and admired.

T.:Did you go to the Grand Ole Opry?

J.A.:Oh yeah. In fact, the night we were there was the first night Charley Pride appeared on the Grand Ole Opry. It was a major event. He's black, and they'd never had that before. We were backstage. I got to meet Pride. It was a little bit of history. A very very nice experience.

Marty and I stayed in contact after that, after *Hell on Wheels*. For a while, there was a guy down there who was a stock car driver. He had approached me about sponsoring the car. I didn't have to commit a lot of money, but he wanted a publicity tie-in with me, putting Straightaway on the car. Marty never drove my car, but my car did compete in a couple of races Marty was in.

T.:Have you done any stock car racing yourself?

J.A.:No, not competitively.

T.:In 2001: A Space Odyssey, you do not have a major role. You appear only in the general release version, which is seventeen minutes longer in running time than the roadshow version or the video. Did you audition for the part of one of the astronauts?

J.A.:I don't recall the name of the character, but the part I auditioned for was the part Gary Lockwood played.

T.:Hey I guessed correctly. That year, 1968, was when the first of the Filipino horror films was released. How did you end up working in the Philippines?

J.:I didn't even know where the Philippines was when the offer came. I was just getting a divorce from Debbie (Walley) at the time. I got a call from a friend of mine, Fred Roos, who was a casting director then. He said there was this movie they were shooting in the Philippines. They sent me a script, and I thought it would be interesting to do. I really wanted to get out of town for awhile.

I didn't know anybody at Hemisphere, the company that made the movie. It was a joint venture of a Filipino named Eddie Romero and a guy who lived in New York, a former Oklahoman named Kane Lynn.

It was an interesting experience. They were having financial problems during the course of shooting. They would work a few days, or a week, then they'd run out of money. It was a day to day decision whether I would work or not.

So I made the movie and came back to the States. It wasn't released for two or three years. In the meantime, I had gotten into the theatre business in Oklahoma. One of the guys that was a subdistributor, Bev Miller, had a company called Mercury Films. He called and said he had booked *The Brides of Blood* into some drive-ins and a couple of indoors down in Kansas City. He asked if I would come down and make a personal appearance.

I was very curious to see the movie. So I went, and we looked at it. And Bev turned to me and said, "Do you know what this movie costs?" And I said, "Less than a hundred grand." He thought that was amazing, that there was an awful lot of production values with the jungle, the natives, the boats. And he said, "There's a lot on the screen for that."

They released the movie and it did a little business. Bev called me and said, "I have a bunch of guys who are all subdistributors that are willing to put up some money to do another one of these movies. Would you go back and do it?"

So I went back and did the second one, which was *The Mad Doctor of Blood Island*. That one did reasonably well, and they approached me to do a third one, *The Beast of Blood*.

By this time, I had formed a lot of friendships and had bought a condominium in the Philippines. A couple of associates came to me and said, "This seems to be working. Why don't we do this ourselves?" That's when I began to put the limited partnerships together.

T.:On the first two films you made in the Philippines, Eddie Romero is credited as co-director with Gerry De Leon. How did that work?

J.A.:Gerry was an older man, kind of the John Huston of the Philippine directors. Eddie had been a student of his, had come up under his tutelage. When Eddie put *The Brides of Blood* together, he felt it was something Gerry had a real feel for. Gerry had a lot more experience doing horror stuff than Eddie. So, Eddie

directed the scenes that did not involve horror. Then, for the chlorophyll monsters and the camera zooming in and out, Gerry did that stuff.

T.:What did you think of Sam Sherman's marketing plays, such as the green blood distributed to audience members as an oral vaccine against becoming a monster?

J.A.:The marketing tool that worked first, on *The Brides of Blood*, was a little engagement ring. You could take your girlfriend to the drive-in, get a ring and see the movie. The ring thing was a real good gimmick, and definitely helped. The green blood didn't really do much. They went to the well, I think, once too often.

T.:In an interview I read, Sam Sherman mentioned that he had tasted the liquid they used for the green blood, and that it was awful.

J.A.:I never tasted it. I saw people taste it, and I didn't notice anybody wincing. The guy who came up with the gimmicks was Kane Lynn. Kane was also responsible for the infamous computer fight between Muhammad Ali and Rocky Marciano. Kane was involved in *Brides*, *Mad Doctor*, and *Beast of Blood*. From *The Beast of the Yellow Night* on, it was Eddie and I. Kane had died of cancer.

T.:Had you produced *The Beast of the Yellow Night* before you worked as an actor on *Smoke in the Wind*?

J.A.:Yes, as a matter of fact. I think they were done very close to the same time.

T.:*Smoke in the Wind* has you top billed in a cast that also includes such noteworthy players as Walter Brennan and John Russell. How did that project come about?

J.:Two brothers, Billy and Whitey Hughes, who were from a little town in Arkansas, had been stunt men here in Hollywood for many years. One of them, Whitey, had doubled me a couple of times. They had worked with Bob Conrad on *The Wild Wild West*.

They went back to Arkansas and promoted a bunch of turkey ranchers to put up some money, I think about \$400,000. They did this on the basis of them being able to deliver Walter Brennan.

They went to Brennan, who was badly afflicted with emphysema at this point. He had a son named Andy, a would-be director. The Hughes got Walter to commit to the project with the understanding that Andy would direct. They then came to me and said, "We've got this movie. We want you to play the lead in it. And we've got Walter Brennan." So I said that, if they really had Walter Brennan, I'd do it for nothing, but if I committed to it and it turned out that they didn't have him, I'd walk out.

So they got Walter by letting his son direct, and they got me because I wanted to meet and work with Walter. We had a D.P., Mario Tossi, who had previously been a gaffer and went on to shoot some really beautiful movies. They got Tossi by giving him a chance to be director of photography.

We got into shooting it, and Andy had some personal problems. And it was not going well. The Hughes brothers went and hired Joe Kane, an old-time director from the John Wayne Republic days. They got him to come in and take over the movie.

And I was so impressed with Walter. He hung in there. He got to know these ranchers, and they would hang out at this trailer. He had done this movie for his son, but he wouldn't walk off the movie.

I never dreamed they would be foolish enough to give me billing over Walter Brennan. Even though they could justify it, in that he was the narrator and only appeared in a few scenes, I would have preferred billing behind Walter.

Any moment that I had, that I wasn't in front of the camera, I would go sit in his trailer and ask him questions about the old days. He was a great story teller. That's the whole reason I did the movie. I would have paid them to hang out with this guy.

I spoke to him a couple times after that, and one time went to see him at his ranch. He was doing poorly. Shortly after that, he passed away.

The movie took a long time to come out. Having shot everything, the Hughes brothers had run out of money. So they had half a movie. Whitey Hughes should be given credit for sticking with it. He never gave up on it, and finally got enough money to finish it.

T.:How many days, on average, were spent shooting the films you produced with Eddie Romero? How long was spent on post-production?

J.A.:For shooting, it was maybe six to seven weeks. The thing about it, it was very inexpensive to shoot over there, so you could take a lot more time. Today, the time frame for a two hour tv movie shot here is roughly twenty days. In the Philippines, you could indulge yourself, take a little more time, and hopefully get a little more production value. For post-production, it was another four to five weeks, depending on whether we were doing nothing else but the one movie.

Normally, we would complete the shooting, then Eddie would do a rough cut and come over here to the United States. Then whoever it was we were doing business with, Roger Corman, Larry Woolner (at Dimension), or Larry Gordon when he was at AIP, we would screen the picture for them, get their input, and Eddie would go back to the Philippines to make final changes.

At that point, we would decide if we wanted to score the picture in the Philippines, which was unbelievably inexpensive. More often than not, we were attempting to keep costs down as low as we could. Normally, we did all the post-production in the Philippines. Sometimes we went to Hong Kong, because there was a lab there that made us a real good deal.

T.:Who wrote the initial draft of *The Woman Hunt*?

J.A.:Jack Hill. (The Charter Home Video release has full credits: Screenplay by David Hoover, based on a story by Jack Hill and David Hoover.)

T.:Right. He directed *The Big Doll House* for you.

J.A.:Yes. Because I had done it over there, I got approached by Roger Corman to do a picture for New World. He put up the above-the-line (Costs incurred in a film production before actual shooting begins, including negotiable components like the story, screenwriter and producer's salaries, the producer's expenses, and the salaries of the stars and the director). I put up the below-the-line (Salaries for the remainder of the cast and the technical crew, all equipment and studio rentals, location rentals, travel expenses, catering, and other day-to-day production and post-production costs). *The Big Doll House* did extremely well. And when that happened, everybody started jumping on the Philippine band wagon. (Slight pause). There's probably one movie that you're not aware of. I have only seen it once. Just before I got involved with Francis (Coppola) on *Apocalypse Now*, I was approached by a local Filipino film company to do a film. I didn't speak Tagalog in it, but it was with one of their top female stars. It was released in the Philippines, but not in the States.

T.:What's the title of it?

J.A.:Its original title was *Witchcraft*, but the title was changed to *Black Mamba*.

T.:Do you have a copy of this film on video by any chance?

J.A.:I don't know if I do or not. I have seen it, so there was a copy of it. They were going to remix it and try to get the quality a little better.

T.:I noticed that a lot of the dialogue is looped on films made in the Philippines.

J.A.:Practically all of it. It's a very noisy country. There are roosters everywhere, air traffic, you name it... But I did see *Black Mamba*, because they sent it to me to look at. They wanted my opinion on what they could take out, to shorten it. I gave them some notes, and to be honest with you, John, I don't know whether I sent the tape back, or whether I still have it.

T.:What's it about?

J.A.:As I did in several films, I play a doctor. He gets involved with a woman who practices witchcraft. She has the capacity to turn into pythons and various bizarre stuff. She has a young child that she has targeted to be the next victim. The doctor is involved in trying to rid her of this curse. There are a lot of dream/hallucination sequences.

But the people that financed it... Over there, it's a different industry. You will get a guy who has some money and decides he wants to make a movie. And he'll make one movie and go broke, and you'll never hear from him again.

That's basically the case with the man who was behind *Black Mamba*. He was a Chinese in the advertising business. He was getting ready to do some work on it here, to have it released on

video. That's when I saw it. I made some comments, and they needed my authorization to do some things, which I gave them. This was several years ago. I've never heard anything more from them.

T.:The great lost John Ashley film.

J.A.:I'll look around. If I can find it, I'll send it to you. (Unfortunately, in spite of the best efforts of both J.A. and his wife, the tape could not be located.)

T.:You mentioned that several of the Filipino films were done back to back. Which films were made in conjunction with one another?

J.A.:*Black Mama White Mama* was made at the same time as *The Twilight People*. Not day for day, but they overlapped. *The Woman Hunt* overlapped a little with *Beyond Atlantis*. I acted in *Black Mamba* while we were also shooting *Savage Sisters*.

T.:In reference to several Ashley/Romero films, there are elements of the stories which are feminist. *The Woman Hunt* and *Savage Sisters*, as well as *Black Mama White Mama* and *Beyond Atlantis* to a certain degree. Although all were marketed as exploitation films, there are these feminist elements. Was that...

J.A.:Calculated? No. I think, at the time, there was a trend to... actually, even earlier, with *The Big Doll House*. Seven women, very aggressive and free thinking. I think, in that genre, that a female character that is structured to be strong is a lot more palatable.

Savage Sisters was originally to be called *Ebony*, *Ivory* and *Jade*. And too, *Black Mama White Mama* was initially called *Chains of Hate*, it was *The Defiant Ones*, but with two women. I bought it as a treatment from Jonathan Demme. I think I paid him \$500 for it.

I remember when AIP called me and wanted to change the title. I thought *Black Mama White Mama* was really left field. I didn't care for it. As it turned out, that was the most successful theatrical film I have ever done, in terms of hard dollars in my pocket.

But the title change... we were looking for a hook. By the time we finished *Ebony Ivory* and *Jade*, the last couple of martial arts films that had been released had not done that well. There had been a lot of martial arts in the movie. AIP came up with the idea of the "Liberation Army". The whole big bogus thing at the time was Patti Hearst, so that's the Liberation Army. The whole campaign for *Savage Sisters* was designed around that aspect of history.

T.:I hadn't considered that aspect of history, that situation. Speaking of history, you received an award from the Filipino Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. How does the inscription read on the plaque?

J.A.:It's back in my workout room. Basically, it was presented to me by Imelda (Marcos). I am the only non-Filipino to ever get it. It was given for my constant support of the Filipino movie industry, for my contribution to employment, etc. and to an enlightened new society. It was for bringing money into the country and opening up the market for Filipino movies over here in the States.

T.:Who were the principals involved in your production company, Four Associates?

J.A.:Eddie Romero, myself, Bev Miller, and another friend of mine named David Cohen. *The Beast of the Yellow Night* was the first film that group did.

T.:Snyder/Ashley Enterprises was the film exhibition company you had in Oklahoma. Who were the principals and where were your theatres located?

J.A.:My partner was Earl Snyder. We built theatres in Oklahoma City, Tulsa, Bartlesville... Earl was killed in a car accident, and his wife was in the hospital for six months with a broken neck. That is what really prompted me to go back to Oklahoma to stay, in '68. I would come out to Los Angeles for business reasons, raise my two sons, Anthony and Cole.

T.:I have not seen *Sudden Death*. Was that film done stateside?

J.A.:No, that was done in the Philippines. Eddie directed it. The script was written by a black writer named Oscar Williams. We shot it in Manila.

I knew Oscar. Bob, Oscar and I got together. Oscar wrote it for Bob Conrad and Jim Kelly. You remember the black martial artist.

T.:Yeah. He was in *Black Belt Jones* with the gorgeous Gloria Hendry.

There was also a woman there who claimed to be Bruce La Bruce or at least a representative of the "concept" of BlaB. Thirdly

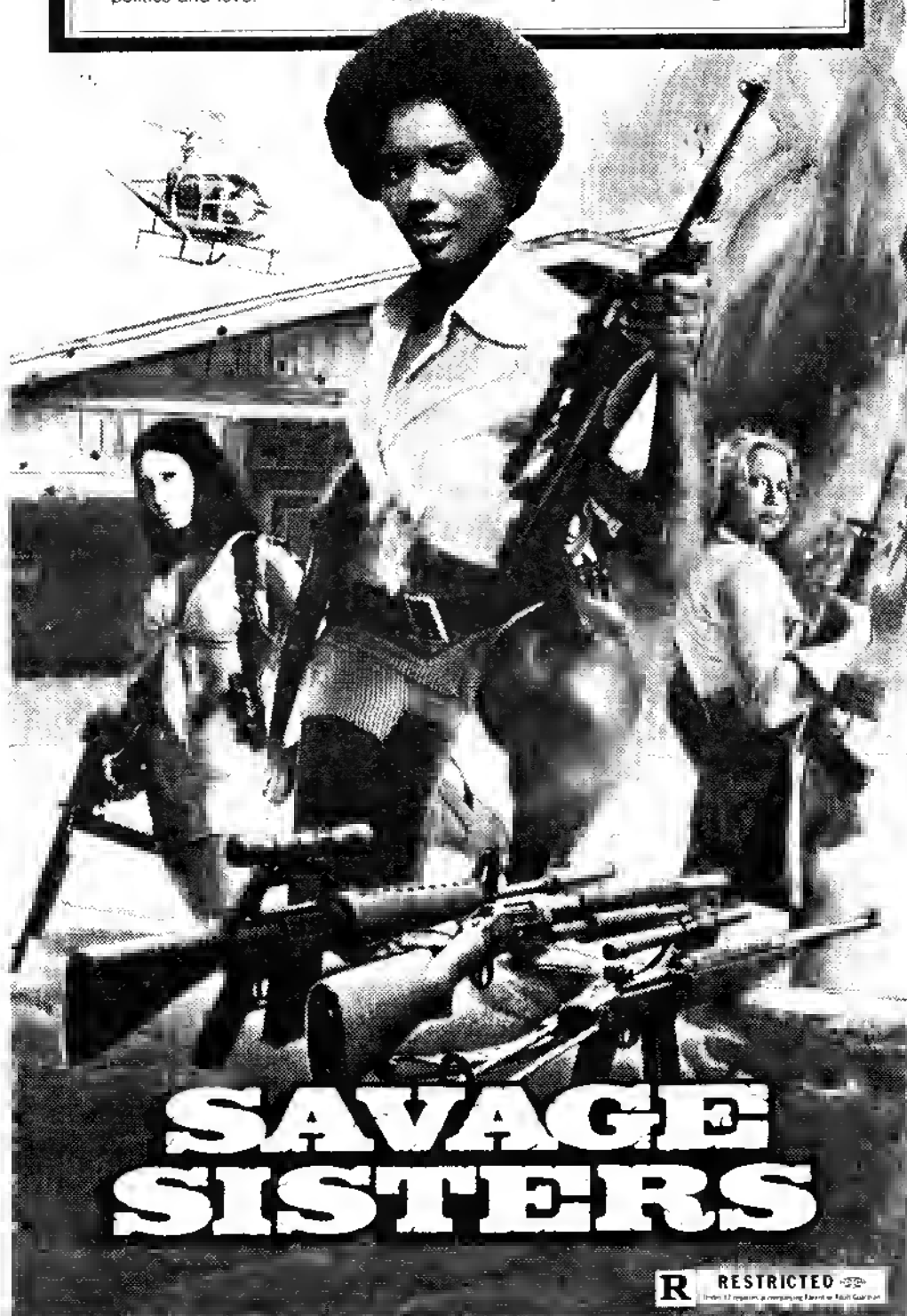
BEWARE!

They are still at large...

THE BRIGADIER GENERAL
Mei Ling, an Activist in both
politics and love.

THE COLONEL
Lynn, the Playgirl of
the Liberation Army.

THE FIELD MARSHALL
Jo, who passed up a
fortune for a gun.



starring
GLORIA HENORY · CHERI CAFFARO · ROSANNA ORTIZ co-starring
and **JOHN ASHLEY**
as "W. P. Billingsley" directed by **EDDIE ROMERO** • COLOR by Movielab • An AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL Release

music composed by **BAX** • IL FRANCO MOON • HARRY CORNER • DAVID J. COHEN • JOHN ASHLEY • EDDIE ROMERO
written by
executive producer
produced by

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there was Clint Burnham, who besides involvement in a literary zine called Mental Radio was one of the co-organizers of

J.A.: I can't remember why, but Jim Kelly fell out. The script had a lot of martial arts in it, so Bob suggested Don Stroud. I recommended getting Eddie Romero to direct it because he's not only knowledgeable, but oriented toward our end of the business over here in the U.S. I produced it for Caruth Byrd, a very wealthy guy from Dallas.

It's actually a pretty decent little movie, but Caruth was not real knowledgeable about the business. He found some fly-by-night company that gave him some kind of deal, what was in his mind, a really good one. I kept saying that it's only a good deal if the picture makes money. I didn't know the company, and it didn't feel right to me. (It was not AIP, as listed in the Filmography, but a company called Bryanston, which folded in the Seventies.--J.L.)

The picture finally came out in a very limited release, no publicity, nothing. It died and immediately went to tape. Tape then was not the big thing it is today.

You would like the movie. It's set in downtown Manila, and is about narcotics. Bob Conrad was very upset about how Caruth threw the movie away.

T.: On *Apocalypse Now*, what was the exact involvement that you and Eddie Romero had on that film?

J.A.: Basically, we functioned as associate producers on it. We coordinated the importing of film stock. All the talent that came in, we saw that they got treated well, got through customs without a lot of problems. I was there in the Philippines for a long time on *Apocalypse*. I finally sent myself a telegram saying that I had to come home for business reasons. It was becoming a never ending saga.

T.: Have you been in touch with Eddie Romero in recent years?

J.A.: Yes. A whole lot. As a matter of fact, I spoke to him yesterday. It was not about film work, but another matter. But I have maintained a relationship with Eddie. We did an awful lot of work together. He comes here a lot. In fact, he is the godfather of my youngest son.

T.: Following *Apocalypse Now*, you moved out of theatrical film production and into television.

J.A.: I moved out here in '79. Bob Conrad and I had a company called A. Shane. We did two tv movies. The first one, Conrad played a paraplegic football coach working in a juvenile detention facility. It was called *Coach of the Year*, and it did extremely well. Then we did *Will*, based on the G. Gordon Liddy book.

T.: Was that film, *Will*, altered somewhat before it was broadcast?

J.A.: Actually, the adaptation of the book was very difficult. The book had so many elements. We shot the elements we felt were most interesting. We weren't censored by NBC. We were able to do everything we wanted to do. In order to make it a ninety six minute movie for tv, we had to make some judicious edits. Unfortunately, we felt it didn't help the continuity. But it is the best thing that Bob Conrad has ever done. He got great reviews for it.

T.: I noticed that, in *Will*, you have a cameo during the Watergate break-in sequence.

J.A.: You have a good eye. Rob Lieberman directed the movie. He wanted me to do this scene. I said I'd only do it if I was unrecognizable. All you can see in the shot is my mouth.

T.: Are you getting camera-shy?

J.A.: I felt it was more interesting to do it that way. It's more fun. If somebody picks up on it, then that's the whole purpose. If they don't, it doesn't matter.

T.: I always enjoy the cameos. How did you come to be producer of *The A-Team*?

J.A.: After I left the business partnership with Bob Conrad, I went to work for Stephen Cannell. First, I produced a series called *The Quest*. It only ran for a few episodes. Five or six. It was on ABC. I was in Europe shooting some second unit when the office called to say to wrap it up as quickly as possible. They wanted me to go to Mexico to produce a new pilot. That was *The A-Team*. It ran for 96 episodes.

I left Cannell in '87 along with Frank Lupo, the co-creator of *Hunter*, a lot of the stuff that had been very successful for Cannell.

T.: You were with Stephen J. Cannell Productions for several years.

J.A.: Stephen is a terrific fellow. I owe a lot to him. I did not have a lot of producing experience in television. I had done some tv movies, and all of the features in the Philippines, but I had never

produced a tv series. He gave me a real chance, and you know, he's probably very much responsible for whatever success I have had in that vein.

T.: Was doing all these voiceovers, including *The A-Team* and background capsule that kicked off each episode, an official part of your job as producer?

J.A.: We were getting ready to finish the main title on *The A-Team*. Stephen said we should have a voiceover while we show these scenes, giving a bit of a background story, so the audience can put it into focus.

We all took a crack at doing it. It needed to be done in eighteen seconds. And I was the only one who hit the eighteen seconds. So I got elected to do it.

While I was at Cannell, I did quite a bit of that, since I was already in SAG. (Screen Actors Guild)

T.: Are there any plans to syndicate *The A-Team* and *Werewolf*?

J.A.: *The A-Team* is in syndication right now. It's done very well. The one-hour market is soft. The only two shows that scored in syndication are *Magnum P.I.* and *The A-Team*.

Werewolf is in syndication. It's on the USA channel. For *Something Is Out There*, we only did nine episodes which is not enough to have it syndicated.

T.: It is available on video in England. Not the regular episodes, but the four-hour miniseries. (The British video is composed of the entire 193 minutes.)

J.A.: Yes it is. We just re-edited it for NBC. The network is intending to replay it again in a three hour slot, on one night as opposed to two.

T.: The premiere of *Werewolf*, which was feature length, has an odd running time. How did that come to be?

J.: We didn't want to edit it down, to run ninety minutes on air, but at two hours, it felt stretched out. So I called FOX, and they told me to deliver it at any time we wanted. They were promoting the new network, and were going to use the remaining time to promote new shows. So they allowed us to come in at a bastard time, at about 81 or 82 minutes. (With the addition of commercials, station identification, etc., it aired at about 100 minutes.)

I'm very surprised they have not put that out on video.

I think, of all the things we've done, that may be the thing I'm most proud of. The *Werewolf* series. We did 31 episodes.

It really just fell together. Frank and I were sitting around talking about it, what we'd like to do. I said, "Boy, wouldn't it be great if we could get Rick Baker!" Frank said, "Why don't you give him a call?"

So I got him on the phone. I said, "I know you don't normally do tv, but my partner Frank Lupo and I are doing a thing called *Werewolf*. We'd like to talk to you about designing the werewolf." While we're talking, Rick asked, "Is this the same John Ashley who did all those Philippine horror films?" I thought, oh God, I'm going to run him off. I said, "Yeah, I'm guilty." And Rick said, "That's what got me into the makeup business. Hell yes! I'll do it."

Rick designed it, then Greg Cannom and his people made it. The hair is human hair, hand sewn. The werewolf suit itself cost almost half a million. That was a great, great creature.

T.: Was there ever any consideration of the possibility of making *Werewolf* a one hour show?

J.A.: People would say, "I love that show. I just get into it, and it's over. I want to see more." My philosophy is, to stretch it to an hour would have been too much. Frank felt the same way. FOX wanted 13 more, but they wanted an hour show. We turned it down.

We went to Tristar. We were making a half hour show of really good quality. We felt there was a market for it, and we wanted to keep making them. They wouldn't go for it. But it is very syndicable. The horror market never dies.

T.: *Something Is Out There*, the weekly series, was quite different from the miniseries.

J.A.: We learned an expensive lesson on *Something Is Out There*. Initially, we made that as a four hour miniseries. NBC did a terrific job of selling it. It was up against some very formidable competition during sweeps. It won two nights for NBC.

Immediately, the idea came up to do a series, an ongoing series. Frank and I did not think of it as a series. It's one thing to

this years Small Book Fair. That was where I lost it. For years the Fair had totally rejected any 'zine participation. I was told

have a Rick Baker million dollar monster for a miniseries, and another thing to do a creature-of-the-week. With television's time and budget, you just cannot do it.

Frank and I work for Columbia. Our job is to put product on the air for them. So it goes, "Well, it doesn't have to be a creature. We can do different things. We can make a show about a girl with telekinetic powers. Just as long as it has the feeling of **Something Is Out There**."

And it's never the same, no matter how well it's done.

T.: **Hardball** was not created by Frank Lupo. How did your company become involved?

J.A.: Before **Hardball**, we did a two-hour tv movie, just after Columbia and Tristar merged. It was a remake-- this was during the writers strike. It was one of the six two-hour Police Story scripts, with a new cast. It was with Bob Conrad, and it was called **Gladiator School**.

Then NBC had a concept and a script for a series called **Hardball**. They made the deal with Columbia, and Columbia moved us over to do that. We did eighteen episodes of **Hardball**.

T.: Now that **Hardball** has wrapped, what's up next?

J.A.: We did a pilot for CBS. Jeff Sagansky became president of CBS. He was at NBC when we did **The A-Team**. He contacted Frank and asked us to do a pilot for him.

We made a two-hour pilot called **I Accuse**. They offered us a backup order, for six episodes, which we offered not to take. (**I Accuse** aired Oct. 11, 1990, and had been retitled **Dark Avenger** by airtime.)

We have another commitment with CBS. Frank's in the process of writing it now.

T.: It's always a kick to see you in cameos, but do you ever get the yen to tackle a feature role again?

J.A.: Producing is so rewarding, so all-encompassing. You're in at the end, particularly in television. It's really a producer's medium. You have a lot to say about the project you're doing. I would never say never, but it would be small, as a joke.

Once you make up your mind to do something else, that's what you want to do. Acting was something I fell into. I enjoyed it. It was fun. But I have to be honest with you, I was never terribly devoted to it. But to be involved in the production of something, it's the whole thing. From the script and casting, which I really enjoy, then the physical production and the post production, which is the most fun. Hiring composers, scoring, the dubbing, mixing... I find all these elements more enjoyable than acting.

To get up at six a.m. and drive out to Indian Dunes and get hit with a face full of sea air, then slam on makeup... I don't miss it.

T.: So producing is totally fulfilling.

J.A.: I'm very happily married. My eldest son, Tony, is working with us. I'm getting a kick out of working with him and spending time with my wife. We just bought a new home.

I consider myself very lucky to have done four things in film. I've acted, produced, been involved in distribution, and I've owned theatres. There are not a lot of people who have had that opportunity.

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Post Production Notes II

1) In a wise move, RCA Columbia home video changed the banner of "AIP CLASSICS" to "DRIVE-IN CLASSICS", for the 44 titles they are issuing from the AIP slate, 1954-1958. So far, **How To Make A Monster** is the soul film of John Ashley credits to reach video stores. All the ones I've seen so far have eight to ten minutes of trailers preceding the feature. These trailers are works of art in themselves. The trailers have varying degrees of abrasion, an authentic touch, but the trailers are absolutely mint.

2) **Sudden Death** (Media Home Entertainment, distributed in Canada by Astral Video) turned out to be well worth hunting for. Working in a decidedly Peckinpah mode, Eddie Romero beats Mr. P to the draw. This is the film that **The Killer Elite** and **The Osterman Weekend** tried to be. The story involves a multinational conglomerate's unbridled, willful destruction of a Southeast Asian country's ecosystem. The fallout from this is

portrayed in the grim deaths of the families. A beautifully directed film. Sad that it's so hard to see.

3) **Something Is Out There** played nicely in its three-hour slot when it aired on NBC and Global May 22, 1991. Viewers still got the essence of Frank Lupo's apotheosis of the monster movie. The shifts in tone from humor to horror became accelerated somewhat by the foreshortening of the epic structure. It's still amazing tv, the likes of which we may not see again, as network budgets tighten. I prefer the full version, ideally viewed in one evening. With a VCR it is then possible to freeze-frame the transformations. Rick Baker and John Dykstra really know how to alien-ate.

4) The next Ashley/Lupo production is entitled **Raven**. The project is the second for CBS. Set in Hawaii, a two-hour pilot starring newcomer Jeff Meek and tv vet Lee Majors. The martial arts elements of the project will be explored from the philosophical as well as the kinetic aspect. There will be lots of action, but it won't be chop socky. Stay tuned.

5) A comprehensive John Ashley discography has not been possible. J.A. recorded for a small label called Intro ("Let Yourself Go Go Go" b/w "Down In Bermuda"), then Capehart (including a cover of Eddie Cochran's "Little Lou"). He then had deals with Silver (a Liberty subsidiary) and Dot. Availability of all titles is extremely rare. The best place to hear him sing is in movies on video. "You've Got To Have Ee Oooo" is featured in **How To Make A Monster**, and has terrific staging. A much better idea of J.A. at his rockin' best is "Hit And Run Lover" in **Hot Rod Gang**. Any readers living in or visiting Manhattan might want to check out the Museum of Broadcasting for early episodes of **Straightaway**. The tunes in the early episodes feature the man really letting the savage loose. And you have not heard scrcasm like Clipper Hamilton's response to the line, "Hey! You wait pretty good for a Mechanic." One scene features Clipper and his band rehearsing in the Straightaway Garage! Worth the trouble.

6) Ted Mikels directed a film called **The Black Klansman** which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. I mention this for a reason which will become obvious once the reader peruses said review. This should not be construed as a recommendation of the film, which is only mildly amusing. Mikels, like Larry Buchanan, is not really conversant with how a reverse angle shot works. Cool name for a neat character, nonetheless.



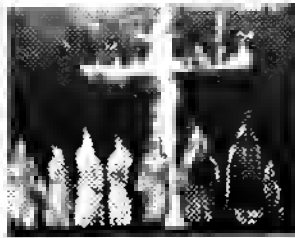
ON SALE NOW - SEE PAGE 38

THE MOST SHATTERING FILM OF OUR TIME!...
FILMED IN COMPLETE SECRECY
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JOE SOLOMON
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Obsessed with hatred
and revenge he rode
with The Klan...
even though his
color could cost
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THE BLACK KLANSMAN



AN ADULT FILM

with RICHARD GILDEN - HARRY LOVEJOY - RIMA KUTNER
A SGS PRODUCTIONS Presentation—A U. S. FILMS Release
Executive Producer JOE SOLOMON
Produced and Directed by TED V. MIKELS
Print by Movielab, inc.

BACK IN BLACK (AGAIN!)

going to chance offending any petty bureaucrats. Two years ago Steve Fentone of Killbaby was told roughly the same thing

"BLACK CAESAR, the blackest movie ever made. Filmed on the streets of Harlem with an all black cast. You have never seen a black movie like this. BLACK CAESAR: A Larry Cohen film."

-Eddie Murphy

"Yo Man! I got BLACK CAESAR back at the crib, you want to go check it out?"

-Public Enemy



The second film in T.V. Mikels skewed directorial career **The Black Klansman** was probably the most offensive concept for a fish out of water story till Lee Frost and Wes Bishop (see **The Black Gestapo** for more by these two) took the premise all the way by grafting bigoted Ray Millans head on to the body of Rosie Grier in **The Thing With Two Heads** (USA '72). Things didn't get this good again till Godfrey Cambridge woke up one morning to find that his Archie Bunker white skin has turned dark in **The Watermelon Man** (USA '70 dir. Melvin Van Peebles). White supremacists (are there any other kind?) managed to put the Klan to shame in **Three The Hard Way** (USA '74 dir. Gordon Parks Jr.) by nearly wiping out all dark skinned people through a bacteria dumped into the water supply of every major American city. Thanks to mainstream blaxploitation perennials Jim Kelly ("speciality: painless death"), Jim Brown ("specialty: a .357 Magnum") and Fred Williamson ("speciality: dynamite and women") it doesn't work. Of course it's not surprising that T.V. knew how to push the envelope of caecation community standards. A year before **Klansman**, T.V. studied at the feet of a true deviant idiot savant, Ed Wood Jr. ("Hey! If Ed can do it I can do this too!"), working as an assistant on the sleazy nude film **Orgy Of The Dead**. Originally entitled **Nudie Ghoulies**, it featured a Wood screenplay adapted from one of his tawdry "novels".

In the **Black Klansman** (made early enough to be shot in black & white with no irony) the young daughter of a light skinned black man is killed when some Klansmen fire bomb a church. Deciding to literally go under cover in order to exact his pound of flesh Jerry Ellsworth (Richard Gilden) lightens his skin, gets a hairjob and poses as a white supremacist named John Ashley (!) trying to start his own chapter in Los Angeles. Gradually he is able to gain the confidence of the local imperial wizard, Rook (Harry Lovejoy). Sooner than you can say Lincoln Rockwell Jerry/John has got his Klan clothes on, torch in hand for a good old boy cross burning. After a shootout and a couple of crowd pleasing interracial love scenes the double J man decides that as much as he hates the Klan **VIOLENCE IS NOT THE ANSWER!** and reneges on his promise to kill Rook. Well ya can't always have everything and **The Black Klansman** grinds to a less than pleasing conclusion on a unexpected - and appropriately liberal - racial harmony jag.

As a post **Black Like Me** racial morality tale **The Black Klansman** is actually pretty fair despite the cop out finale. Compared to T.V.'s later films (also with great exploitation titles) **Blood Orgy Of The She Devils** and **The Doll Squad** it's not a crushing bore. He never really directed a good film after 68's surprisingly good **Girl In The Gold Go-Go Boots** although he did produce the classic "fun" gross out film **The Worm Eaters** in 1972. Unfortunately some of the effects in **The Black Klansman** undermine the films good points. In the unnecessary scene where we actually see the little girl burning it's obviously a wooden dummy. It becomes the sort of thing that justifies the loud gawfs that people who think low budget exploitation films are automatically funny produce (the Medved/Golden Turkey crowd).

The **Black Klansman** did about as much for Richard Gilden's career as it did for race relations as he seems to have disappeared immediately after the films release. Perhaps that's no coincidence. On the other hand a young Max Julien (from 68's trippy **Psych Out** to **Full Metal Jacket**) appears as a super cool self-serving Malcom X/Hogy Carmichel type brought in to help organize the locals against the Klan. Juliens' biggest Blaxploitation score came in the early seventies when he starred in Michael Campus's **The Mack** as a #1 pimp. Points to that one for featuring footage shot at a real life "Players Ball", the Academy Awards of Mackdom. By the early seventies Max would turn Shakespeare by coming up with the original story and the screenplay for Tamara Dobsons pro women **Cleopatra Jones**. Whitman Mayo (Grady on **Stanford And Son**) has a small part as an opportunistic bar keep who has figured out how to make money from segregation. It's interesting that several black characters are just as exploitive of the community as the Klan is. Several references are made to the riots in Watts - in fact **The Black Klansman** seems to have been "inspired" by them - but any insurrection against local oppression is discouraged - but only by other black people. As for naming the main characters' alias after an extremely well known exploitation film star you have to wonder. T.V. must have heard of Ashley and it's not inconceivable that they may have met. The name is used as an alias (for someone allegedly from L.A.!) which indicates that something hidden so what's up? The mystery continues..

THE BLACK KLANSMAN (USA '65) Pro/dir: Ted V. Mikels. Ex. Pro: Joe Solomon. Scn: John Wilson, Arthur Names str: Richard Gilden, Rima Kutner, Harry Lovejoy, Max Julien, Whitman Mayo, Jimmy Mack.



I had never heard of **Honeybaby** before I found it in the adult section of a Parkdale video store. By the cover (a black woman wearing not much more than a machine gun) the film did indeed look like it belonged next to films like **Filthy Librarians**, **Screw The Right Thing** or **Bondage Gym Coach**. One irony is that as an example of blaxploitation it has to be one of the most sexless as there is little skin and actually not much violence. The bigger irony is that's what it takes to sell a video (be it on MTV or your corner mom n' pop outlet) and since "**Honeybaby**", whose actual name is Laura Lewis, is a U.N. interpreter who speaks 6 languages our culture has to turn her into a gun toting she devil in order to understand (sell) her.

In a truly strange beginning that should send off a "warning: muddled plot" alarm a man walks into a screening room. He introduces himself as J. Eric Bell, a young actor who plays the part of "Skiggy" in the film. Aided by clips from the film he then proceeds to explain what is about to happen over the next eighty some odd minutes! The credits then roll and the story, which we already know, begins.

A flashing newspaper headline informs us that a prominent African leader has died and his body has disappeared. Also missing is a micro dot containing a secret formula to preserve his body. Following this James Bondish bit of intrigue we are transported to the corner of 125th Street and Lenox Avenue in time to discover that the afore mentioned Ms. Lewis (Diana Sands) has just won a trip around the world from a local tv station. Known affectionately as **Honeybaby** she and her friend from the prologue, Skiggy, are soon off on a flight to her first stop, the Mid-East. The action begins when **Honeybaby** is unknowingly slipped the microdot by a mysterious oriental woman as she is apprehended by police.

when he tried to gain entrance to this log-rolling society. The truth came out that this was basically a very buddy-buddy affair

Known as Madam Chan she was to deliver the Microdot to Calvin Lockhart (best known for '74's *The Beast Must Die*), a mercenary who secretly transports questionable cargo for a price. Oblivious to what has happened Honeybaby and Skiggy continue their sight seeing while intense looking young men kill each other trying to find out where the microdot has been planted. If only they had been more punctual they would have caught the explanation at the beginning of the film...

Soon horse voiced Calvin shows up to find the microdot but instead decides to send Skiggy on his way and court Honeybaby himself. Blinded by love Calvin finds himself also perused by the interested party he had been hired to do the smuggling for. Unfortunately just short of any meaningful violence Skiggy shows up in time to somehow save the day and the film ends with all the brothers and sisters back on Lenox Ave. watching the whole thing on tv. Too bad Skiggy doesn't return to explain some of the things we've just seen.

On the up side at least the makers of Honeybaby have tried to make an honest departure from the typical blaxploitation film. Honeybaby isn't out to better her life by making a big drug score, isn't a half naked private eye, hasn't been bitten by Dracula and is only going to Viet Nam if her around the world trip takes her there. She's also not at odds with some dominating macho man. In fact she seems to not have a man - Skiggy is just a friend, as he is easily disposed of by Lockhart whose intentions are quite clear. On the down side despite the unusual plus of location filming (in this genre filming outside of the ghetto is exotic) the production values are so low the film becomes too cheap in appearance to be taken seriously. Also the script needed more work, hence the odd tacked on beginning. In terms of acting Diana Sands and Calvin Lockhart are too bland to hold any interest. It might have helped to have a blaxploitation regular like Pam Grier try a more subtle (really less sleazy) roll for once. The best performance was by J. Eric Bell and Skiggy seems to be his great one shot acting hit. When he's not around he's missed and you wish he was given more screen time to liven up the flat parts.

HONEYBABY (usa '72) dir: Michael Shultz, pro: Saladin Jammal, scn: Brian Phelaw, str: Diana Sands, Calvin Lockhart, Seth Allen, Bricktop and introducing J. Eric Bell.



Black Panther - inspired hippy chick seduces dull whitebread suburban boy into a life of sex, drugs, fraud and excitement. Picture it: Bonnie and Clyde with an interracial twist! Sounds like either a box office killer or a long lost celluloid treasure, right?! It's easy to see how *Honky* got produced. On paper it does sound rather funky. It's got a risqué yet simple, easy-to-pitch premise that seems comfortably straddled between the teen/cult market and the blaxploitation genre.

So what's the problem? What went so wrong? Why is it that the cheekiest, most subversive element in this film is it's title?

The film stars the beautiful and mischievous looking Brenda Sykes. She is the cannabis addict - the foxy lady with the fringe coat and the outasight vocabulary. John Neilson plays her stupid blonde (Honky) boyfriend. He's like the most boring guy you had the displeasure of knowing in high school and he doesn't even have the good looks to compensate for this total lack of charisma. The entire plot of *Honky* involves some kind of small-time drug deal where Brenda Sykes has to help John Neilson forge a cheque for seventy-five dollars so that they can get a kilo of pot, start dealing,

drop out of school and take an Odyssean road trip to nowhere. It may have made a good subplot in this film which has no subplots. Instead in their place are a lot of hassles from "straight" people who as Brenda's character puts it "want to be your mother without going to the trouble of getting knocked up." The "straight" world forever burdens these two denizens of the drug counter culture.

The unfortunate thing about *Honky* is that it really misses the bullseye by focusing in on the completely tedious details of a drug deal gone bad. *Honky* was made at a time when stories featuring interracial love would have raised eyebrows straight off a lot of people's faces. It's weird and almost laughable that with such a controversial and incendiary concept at its very centre, *Honky* is nevertheless an oddly spare, eerily quiet film. Everything in it seems to be taking place in slow motion, weighted down by the Southern Californian heat.

It's *Jungle Fever* through the eyes of Michelangelo Antonioni. But that makes it sound rather clever. Really it's more likely that the screenwriter Will Chaney was himself a cannabis addict, perhaps in withdrawal while writing this barely amusing little film.

However, two interesting scenes will save you the trip to the video store. The first one comes when Brenda and John score their kilo of Vietnamese Gold and then go to a crowded, yet quiet, party. They end up in a bathroom. They smoke their brains out and laugh and laugh, until Brenda gets serious and asks her mate: "where are you, man?" before they begin stripping off their clothes. It's a Kodak-moment-from-hell when Brenda laughs especially hard after John removes his underwear. This is 'teenage realness'. The last sequence is powerful, if only because it does touch on the implications of the interracial "taboo". John and Brenda leave the suburbs and end up driving to what looks like the countryside. They take one wrong turn and end up trapped in Hickville, U.S.A. It's klan kountry and the assailants are typical Deliverance style tobacco chewin hillbillies. It's a powerful and emotional few minutes as we see lovers beaten and, in her case, raped. Here is an intensity that feels and looks almost out of place which inadvertently heightens its impact!

Brenda is deeply affected by the assault that she doesn't let John touch her, she starts to explain why but it's a 'black thang' he wouldn't understand.. so we're just left with a frustrated silence, and this is the main problem with *Honky* - it never really attempts to stand up and communicate anything at all. (IG)

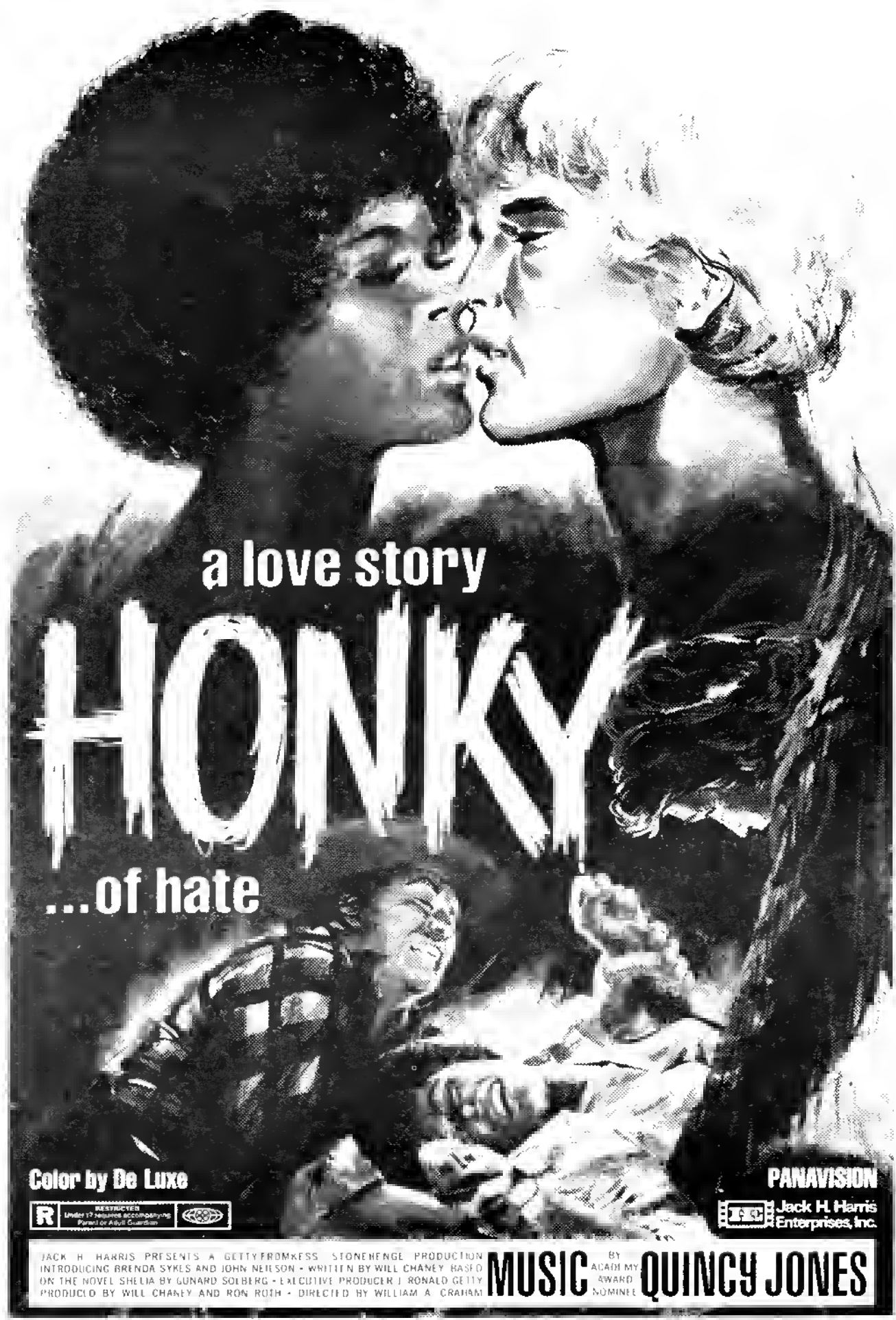
HONKY (USA'71) dir: William Graham, pro: J. Ronald Getty, Ron Roth & Will Chaney, scr: Will Chaney, str: Brenda Sykes, John Nielson, William Marshall, Marion Ross



Perhaps the premiere example of blaxploitation as art is Melvin Van Peebles' *Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song*. A profile of the radicalization of a stud, it reaches for and touches ground far beyond the realm of the genre in terms of both style and substance.

I first saw the film in Commack, a quiet little University town on Long Island. Time magazine had done a profile on Van Peebles and as a result, *Song* had gone into wide release in New York state. Having been a success in inner city runs at cinemas like the Grand Circus in Detroit, the statewide release was an experiment. The movie had been rated X by "an all-white jury" at the MPAA. The screening in Commack only had one other person at it.

and that outsiders were neither wanted or needed. Steve promptly went in to action. One well known small press author



a love story

HONKY

...of hate

Color by De Luxe



PANAVISION

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JACK H. HARRIS PRESENTS A GETTYFROMKISS STONEHENGEL PRODUCTION
INTRODUCING BRENDA SYKES AND JOHN NELSON • WRITTEN BY WILL CHANEY BASED
ON THE NOVEL SHELIA BY GUNAR SOLBERG • EXECUTIVE PRODUCER J. RONALD GETTY
PRODUCED BY WILL CHANEY AND RON ROTH • DIRECTED BY WILLIAM A. GRAHAM

MUSIC

BY
ACADEMY
AWARD
NOMINEE

QUINCY JONES

immediately announced he was pulling out of the Fair. During one of the event's workshop's a hired participant took a pro-

The film frightened the hell out of me, but I was impressed by it. It was easily the most political film I had seen. The way the characters were written and played had no trace of stereotype or romance. The POV was decidedly black, and yet never seemed unfair. Brutal honesty was the tone I saw in every frame.

Seeing it more recently on video, the elapsing 19 years make the film appear far more idealistic, but still in a well-formed, political way. Propaganda certainly, the power that Song has today is still astounding.

It is interesting to compare Song to Spike Lee's *Do The Right Thing*. Lee is a prolific and wonderful filmmaker, but the politics of his best film's scenario seem sentimentalized, particularly in its conclusions. Lee is evading the consequences of the acts he depicts, rendering himself in danger of becoming the black Frank Capra. Not bad. Nothing wrong with that, but in terms of artistry, not quite

as brilliant as Melvin Van Peebles, the black Eisenstein. Lee's perspective on *Bed Stuy* would do a nice thing if it travelled a bit. It's not the shoes; it's where they've been.

Sweetback's shoes definitely get around. Black complicity with white oppression, downtown with the cops for token "questioning", running on empty until they find footing on a radical path, awakened by but not concluding with violence to a fellow black man, finding out who is his friend and who might be, dealing with duplicity by deceiving it, fleeing from one kind of justice in pursuit of one's own. Yeah, incorporated.

Melvin Van Peebles can idealize without losing momentum. Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song is like *Potemkin* in that it never reaches a destination that is ultimate. This is the beginning. He is powered by his heart, and yet avoids deifying it.

MVP and his son Mario are presently preparing Panthers, a fictionalized bioprofile of the Black Panther Party. Maybe we will find out what happened to Huey P. Newton, whose death was barely noted by the media.

Before thirtying, I would like to note that, along with his achievements in the world of film, Melvin Van Peebles has had great success on Broadway with *Ain't Supposed to Die a Natural Death* and *Don't Play Us Cheap*, three hit albums on A&M, and investment strategies on the American Stock Exchange, where he was the first black to own a seat. More power to him.(JL)

SWEET SWEETBACK'S BAADASSSSS SONG (USA'71)
Dir: Melvin Van Peebles Pro:Melvin Van Peebles Scn:Melvin Van Peebles Sr:Melvin Van Peebles, Simon Chuckster, Hubert Scales, John Dullaghan, West Gale, Niva Rochelle, Rhetta Hughes, Nick Ferrari, Ed Rue, John Amos, Lavelle Roby, Ted Hayden, Mai Peebles, Megan Peebles



The *Black Gestapo* is cinematic historical fiction at its worst. Like many blaxploitation films, it betrays the fact that at least some of its creators were white racists almost immediately. And sexist pigs too. What makes it of interest, despite its almost total artistic and political failure, lies in what it offers as a possible

explanation of the failure of a black community action group, the Black Panthers.

During the precredit sequence, the People's Army (as the script designates them) is clearly established to be a portrayal of the Panthers, then are visually paralleled with the Nazi German Army through intercutting of old Nazi prop footage. The connection is completely false. From their inception, the Black Panthers were an altruistic organization, their primary activities being breakfast programs in Watts and other black communities in California, as well as general community policing to eliminate crimes of vice from the black ghettos. This latter activity got them into trouble with organized crime, and a smear campaign against the Panthers in the white media ensued.

Director Lee Frost does acknowledge some of these things. As well, he somewhat correctly points out that one faction of the Panther organization became corrupt, superseding the crime lords they had intended to eliminate.

One major aspect of Panther history that Frost ignores is the systematic extermination of the Panther membership by the police. Some of the Black Panthers were criminals, but none of them received due process at the hands of law enforcement officials. The Black Gestapo reduces the cause of the Black Panthers' downfall to a power struggle between white trash gangsters vs. the black quasi-ubermensch. Warped, to say the least. Add to that several really grotesque scenes of sexual brutality to both men and women, and you have a truly contemptible film. There is even a sequence in which director Frost demonstrates that nudity can be gratuitous in an appropriate context. Frost also made *Chain Gang Women*, so he is obviously pleased with films that induce ugly depression.

The shame of it is, the story of the Black Panthers is a rich one for cinematic treatment. The Black Gestapo fails in its attempt, and I'm being gentle. The Panthers were a group organized for meaningful and positive social and political action that became one of the great tragedies of American urban history in this century. It was recently announced that Melvin Van Peebles and his son, Mario are preparing a film called *Panthers*. The senior Van Peebles has the surest grasp this side of John Ashley that "exploitation" can mean "art". (JL)

THE BLACK GESTAPO (USA'72) Dir:Lee Frost Pro:Wes Bishop Ex. Prod: Ronald K. Goldman Scn:Frost and Bishop Sr:Rod Perry, Charles P. Robinson, Phil Hoover, Ed Cross, Angela Brent, Uschi Digard



If the *Black Gestapo* is the great blaxploitation political film (at least the way the white suburban middle-class would like to see black power) then Rudy Ray Moore's *Avenging Disco Godfather* is the great blaxploitation protest film. Superfly wouldn't have lasted two reels against Moore's vengeance driven angel dust crackdown and while it's not as wild as Moore's earlier film *Human Tornado*, its 1979 release date means it practically closed the book on blaxploitation's most prolific period.

In *Avenging Disco Godfather* (available from Active Home Video with the "D" word dropped from the title - there are some shit from the seventies that won't be revived) Moore stars as an ex-cop turned disco D.J. Superstar Tucker Williams a.k.a. The Disco Godfather. The film begins like a blaxploitation spin on *Saturday Night Fever*



**BRYANSTON PRESENTS
THE BLACK GESTAPO**

75/103

(the most awkward reference comes when coke is snorted off a S.N.F. soundtrack album) Moore presiding over the leisure suited hoard rapping over the jams like a 1986 Compton homeboy disguised as Elvis. That's because during the course of the film Moore sports a glittering selection of sequenced Elvis style Vegas jumpsuits (powder blue with silver trim and silver boots, gold belts and lots of chains). Sure it all sounds like a lot of fun but there's trouble in paradise. Unbeknownst to the Godfather angeldust has infested his Blueberry Hill Disco and thanks to his whacked nephew Bucky, the big G's eyes are about to be rudely opened. It's at this point that the film starts to resemble Kroger Babb's anti-pot opus *She Should'a Said No* (USA'48). Bucky, now raving like a Monty Rock the 3rd imitator, imagines himself to be a pro basket ball star preforming for cheering crowds. That is until he gets shot by the opposing team. In Babb's moralistic tale a piano pounding pothead imagines himself transported to centre stage for a sold out Hollywood Bowl Concert - only he's not shot. In another scene Moore visits a local clinic to witness firsthand the effects of dust. as he is introduced to one casualty who believes himself to be an unborn caterpillar we meet a woman who has just come from serving a roster her four month old baby a la carte. It's entirely reminiscent of a scene in *She Should'a Said No* when the film's star Lida Leeds (fresh off a real life pot bust starring Robert Mitchum) is taken on a tour of jailed junkies with needle tracks the size of dimes marking their arms.

Now politicized the Disco Godfather add's "avenging" to his handle and sets out to bust up some pushers with the help of his clubs

dancers, *The Disco Squad*. Doing T.V. action shows like *Kung Fu* or *The Six Million Dollar Man* one better in fighting scenes instead of slowing things down director stops things completely. Holy Freeze Frame Batman! It's an incredibly effective gimmick you don't see everyday. From here on in it's a non-stop blitz of fake chic grooves, racist hit men, an angel of dust death, dishonest cops, a roller boogie scene that would make Linda Blair vomit coke spoons and of course more dance, dance, dancing!

In the end Moore saves Bucky, his club and his neighbourhood but at what cost? The film ends with Moore a hopeless addict after some bad dudes dust him during a climatic punch em'up. In this age of *The Return Of Superfly* (), *New Jack City* (1990 Dir: Mario Van Peebles) and *Boys N The Hood* (1991 Dir: John Singleton) one can only imagine when Moore will be revived to battle crack and ice in a Spike Lee production of *Do The Right Thang Dissing Rap Bro?* (HK)

AVENGING DISCO GODFATHER (USA '79) dir/sr: J. Robert Wagoner Prod/scn: Cliff Roquemore str: Rudy Ray Moore, Carol Speed, Jimmy Lynch, Pat Patterson, Pucci Jhowes ("the Angel of Death"), Pat Washington ("Miss Wonderful of Chicago").



on comic book's, but reading "rejected by the Toronto Small Press Book Fair", started appearing on zines. Something is

**She's the
"GODMOTHER"
of them all!**

-- They call her
'Coffy'
...and she'll
Cream you!



Samuel Z. Arkoff presents
an American International Picture

'COFFY'

starring **PAM GRIER**

BOOKER BRADSHAW

ROBERT OOOQUI · WILLIAM ELLIOTT

ALLAN ARBUS as Villoni · and **SID HAIG** as Omar

Produced by Robert A. Papazian · Written and Directed by Jack Hill · COLOR by Movielab

'COFFY' Sound Track Album available on Polydor Records

© 1973 American International Pictures, Inc.

"COFFY'S" CANNON DISPLAY — Pam Grier as Coffy makes extensive use of a shotgun in her battles against the mob killers. Have a 12-gauge double-barrelled shotgun "femininized" by painting it pink, pasting lace frills on it and lettering **HERS** across the rifle's butt. Set it up in a display in your lobby under the headlines **"COFFY'S CANNON"** along with stills from the film and playdate copy for an intriguing eye-catcher.

GRISLY LOBBY DISPLAY — Have a number of dummies dressed in the sharpest clothes sprawled across your lobby floor between the entrance and aisles as if they had been mowed down by **COFFY**. Judicious use of red paint can simulate wounds on the prastate figures and add reality to the effect. Appropriate signs can state **"COFFY" WAS HERE**.

SOME EXAMPLES OF HOW A.I.P. THOUGHT "COFFY" COULD BE EXPLOITED

happening but you don't know what it is, did you Mr. Jones? Needless to say Killbaby was invited to the next years fair

Behind every great male director is a woman. Josef von Sternberg had Marlene Dietrich. John Hughes had Molly Ringwald. John Waters had Divine. Writer/Director Jack Hill had the incomparably sexy Pam Grier. Jack and Pam literally shot their way through the Seventies producing four pivotal blaxploitation/exploitation classics. From *Women in Prison* flicks shot in the Philippines (The Big Doll House '71, The Big Bird Cage '72) to *Ghetto City, U.S.A.* (Foxy Brown '74, and this one) their films epitomes the times perfectly - big (very big) afros, funky polyester outfits and wah-wah guitars, where black is beautiful and everyone's walking taller (thanks to platform shoes!). In other words, it's so-o-o NOW! Behind every great director there is a woman... a woman of colour, *sugar!* *Coffy*, made in '73, was their most successful flick together. It is a story about a nurse (Grier) who stages a one woman war against drugs. She's bigger and badder than anything Nancy Reagan could of hoped for. Nancy sweetly tells us to "Just Say No!" but when you've got an outraged Pam Grier holding a shotgun to your face, it's NO MEANS NO! A raging vigilante popping off heads with a body which goes POW! BAM! BOOM!

We learn in the beginning of the film that Pam's little sister got so strung out on smack that she landed herself in a re-hab. Like some Hollywood child star, she's all washed up at twelve years old. This makes Pam just plain mad! Junkies and no good drug dealing scum must die! And Pam's just the woman to do just that.

Director Hill takes the viewer right into this ghetto thang with an opening scene of a far-out and funky Black club. Pam disguises herself as a junkie, seduces a slimeball dealer and then climaxes with a shotgun through his head. She then precedes to lethally inject a junkie with dope but not before he tells her who the Mainman is. With an action packed beginning, *Coffy* then slows down, so that the plot can develop and the characters grow sympathetically, of course.

There's the love sub-plot between *Coffy* and a Consulman Howard Brunswick (Booker Bradshaw). He's a politically-correct, smooth-talking politician. But when we first see *Coffy* meeting him in a strip-joint that he's just *bought*, one can only wonder... prompting us to whisper, "Careful, *Coffy*". And later, when he gets his just deserts, we shout, "Right on, Sister!". Then there's the good cop, Carter (William Elliot), who won't be paid off by the gangsters. So, he get's beaten, landing him in the hospital, slightly brain-dead. And, or course, Carter's in love with *Coffy* but she's so enamored by the sleazeball politician.

The action picks up again when Hill introduces the character of King George (Robert Doqui) who's a pimp/drug dealer with Mafia ties. When King George first struts into the scene. He's all decked out in a hideous but wonderfully funky yellow jumpsuit with matching colour cape - an outfit that would make the members of Deee-lite simply scream with envy!

Coffy disguises herself, this time, as a newly arrived Jamaican callgirl who's looking for a pimp to protect her. She eases into his stable of girls and that's when the sparks really fly! *Coffy* locates King George's stash. Dumps it out and replaces it with sugar. King George's main squeeze gets jealous of this Amazonian arriviste and during a party, a cat-fight ensues with the whole stable of girls going in on the action. It's, of course, a chance to see women fighting and ripping each others' clothes off to expose their breasts. Yes, it's exploitative! And yes, it's totally outrageous but it's such an effective scene that you've just "gots da luv it!"

It's during this scene that Mafia honcho, Arturo Vitroni (Allan Arbus - Diane's hubby), sees *Coffy* in action. He wants her! And that's just what *Coffy* wants too. There's more sex, deceit, car chases, more deaths.... and of course, Sid Haig, the man you love to hate, as Arbus' bodyguard.

The plot's kinda complex in an exploitation, sort of way. Actually, it's not complicated at all. It's too tedious to describe. *COFFY* is meant to be scene... and heard. The music is supplied by none other than Roy Ayers who seems to be gaining a newfound

cult status as one of the greats of Seventies' Soul. Describing *Coffy* wouldn't do it any justice. It's fast. It's exciting. It's retro. It's so fucking bad-assss retro. Hill's dialogue is also great, in a Seventies street-smart-ghetto meets film-noir kinda way. In other ways, it's pure sexy!

It's really uncanny viewing *Coffy* just after the Los Angeles riots. It seems nothing has changed. *Coffy*'s ghetto world of drugs and poverty is still relevant today. It's anti-drug message to clean up the ghetto and peaching black empowerment more in tune with what's happening now. Hill shots of lines like, "I rather be a junkie than nothing". Or when the two-faced Black politician proclaims, "Black, brown or yellow, I'm in it for the Green!", - it's strangely reminiscent of Public Enemy's line, "Every brother ain't a brother 'cuz of colour...". When *Coffy* confronts the Consulman in the end of the film, he states, "Everyone wants dope. Black people want dope and brown people want dope. As long as people are deprived of a decent life... they're going to want dope."

And as a friend of mine use to say, "It's not religion but opium which is the opiate of the masses." So don't believe the hype! The moral of *Coffy*: Drugs are there to placate, to oppress. It's the most normal, conservative thing to do! So that the public won't think. Won't feel. Won't ACT! Right on, Sugar! (WS)

COFFY (USA '73) dir:Jack Hill, pro:Robert A. Papazian, scr:Jack Hill, str:Pam Grier, Booker Bradshaw, Robert Doqui, Allan Arbus, Sid Haig, Carol Lawson.



"One night in prison he woke up from a nightmare about the horror of his attempted castration, to find that his penis had grown to frightening limits...in is dream the patient was using his overgrown organ to strangle the officer who had tried to castrate him!" - The Shrink in *Soul Vengeance*

In our illustrious editors opinion true Blaxploitation (from here on refereed to as BP) ocured when wagon jumping white boy producers hired primarily black casts to provide chiefly black audiences with "what they wanted". Namely this was to witness "The Man" held up for ridicule by the jive-strutting soul brothers. Of course most of the green from these "black" only films found it's way deep into white lined pockets that were basically just mining the then current off Hollywood "in thing" of Black Awareness.

If part of the above loose definition fits BP then the more singularly creative vision espoused by actual black film makers like Jamaa-Fanaka - in spite of analogous surface trappings - are removed from BP per se for the fact that they are devoutly empathetic with the black cause and not necessarily just out to turn over some hit and run cash. *Soul Vengeance* and other titles normally lumped in to the collective BP bracket (e.g. Sweet Sweetback's Badasssss Song) are in reality black glorification films rather than black exploitation films. In this respect Janaka's *Soul Vengeance* is a very personal film regardless of whether it is a good one.

The myth of the "well hung black man" has long been subject to exploitation in the films and low brow locker room humor of white north American culture. From the innately racist negro "stud" stereotypes of Mandingo and Drum to the outright capitalization of black porn stars like King Dong (whose "flattering" namesake was a gorilla). However, his freakish, roughly 24 incher pales next to the dimensions attained by the hero of *Soul Vengeance*. In I'm Gonna Get You Sucka(USA '88) Kenan Ivory Wayans' throwaway

reference to his non-existent "12 inch" was intended to lampoon this myth, whereas the bawdily phallic ad catch line for an obscure 1941 Mantan Morland opus read "when he made love...Up Jumped The Devil!".

Soul Vengeance begins with our black hero/anti-hero Charles Murray (Marlo Monte) perched on the edge of a Watts rooftop, surrounded by police (honkies all) and poised to jump. Through flashbacks we find that years earlier Charles was apprehended by police during a drug deal. Charles feels the sting of excessive police force fueled by racist motivations when a redneck/misogynist officer named, ironically, Harry Freeman (Ben Bigelow) beats him mercilessly amid cries of "nigger". After this decidedly unstable cop announces "I'll fix it so that you won't be able to bring anymore of you into this unsuspecting world!" he moves to hack off Charles' man hood (out of frame) while Charles is helplessly handcuffed, unable to defend himself. This sadistic scene provides the very crux of the picture. In true BP style Charles winds up in court on the sticky end of American justice while Freeman gets off scot free - and actually receives a commendation. "This is a perfect case to sit for bleeding hearts who would have us turn maniacs like the defendant loose to crack the collective skull of society..." rants the bigoted prosecuting attorney; "What kinda jive muthafuckin' shit is this man?" responds Charles confused.

Foreshadowing Fanaka's later Penitentiary trilogy a lone hand-held camera prowls the cold, forbidding slammer hallways, set to the films haunting, unsettled score. Artsy insert b/w photos relay images of Charles' incarcerated angst as he fulfills his "debt" to society.

After three years in the slammer Charles leaves apparently reformed and healed (physically at least) of his wounds. Seeking to rekindle his interrupted romance with his ex (played by Jackie Ziegler) Charles finds that she has been moved in on by his former "partner", a slimy pusher/pimp named N.D. (Jake Carter). On the soundtrack a lonely dejected blues harp echoes Charles' dismay while the pagan like totem shape of the Watts Tower is in the background as he wanders skid row. To Fanaka the Watts Tower represents yet another of the multiple cryptic penis symbols that clumsily foreshadow Charles' encroaching genital transformation. But the *weirdness* is yet to come...

Charles goes off to enact vengeance on the cop, the attorney and the Judge that sent him up in a decidedly unique fashion. By seducing their wives and "hypnotizing" them using his out of frame, monster one eye (translation: exceedingly large penis) Charles manufactures a small but loyal entourage of temporarily cock-struck she zombies simply by exposing that old black magic. This leads to the single sequence in Soul Vengeance that offers any laughs in this otherwise unsurprisingly humorless - try outright despairing - plot. When one husband comes home unexpectedly he finds himself wrapped in about four yards of evil extendo-cock with as much over the top campy relish afforded the limp tentacles of Lugosi's pet "octopus" in Ed Wood Jr.'s *Bride Of The Monster* (USA '55). One is left slack jawed as this scene unfolds, wondering just what amount of coercion from Fanaka was required to give this dick draped whitey actor "motivation". Just how do you coach someone to act seriously when confronted with a rubber trousersnake of anaconda-like dimensions anyway? If that doesn't boggle the mind imagine the person in the property department when faced with the requisition slip for "one (1) 12 ft prosthetic penis". It's enough to make Arsenio go "hmmmmmmmmmm..." - or at least HOW THE FUCK DID THEY COME OUT WITH A NARCOTICS FRIED PLOT LIKE THIS??

Sadly it's only for the above "fun" reasons that Soul Vengeance is worth watching, certainly not for any potential longevity or perceptiveness of vision. Vengeance kicks into it's more avant garde, entertaining and subversive groove only after a lot of flaccid BP situations have been done away with. Namely a fight between pimps over a wayward hooker, more white police brutality (a BP prerequisite) and fuked out soul mama's doing third rate Motown

knockoffs down at the local brothers and sisters dive.

Ultimately Soul Vengeance reinterprets and manifests David Cronenberg's "Shape Of Rage" as a raging hard on, amounting to a real standout item in the annals of pecker pictures but rather dickless in long-term staying power. Nonetheless Soul Vengeance would make a great second feature on a double bill with feminists Jo Menell and A. Moell's funny 1986 short film *Dick*. That film de-romanticizes and demystifies the ludicrous phallic myth almost as much as Vengeance openly glorifies it. (SF)

SOUL VENGEANCE (a.k.a. Welcome Home, Brother Charles)
USA '75 dir., pro. & scn: Jamaa Fanaka str: Marlo Monte, Reathe Grey, Tiffany Peters, Ben Bigelow, Jackie Ziegler, Mordo Dana.



I love Willie Dynamite. How couldn't I? Willie may not be as well known as Black Caesar, Black Belt Jones, Superfly or even Shaft and he may not have had a soundtrack to equal any of those blaxploitation superstars but boy did he know how to dress. Throughout the films 102 minutes Willie (Roscoe Orman) and costume designer Bernard Johnson assault the audience with one outlandish outfit after another to illustrate Willie's flaunting of society's values - or at least its color co-ordination sense. After a while you may begin to think that an art director from Disney was actually behind Willie's highly successful prostitution operation. Forgetting the entire blaxploitation thing for a second, it's kind of like the highly regarded 1980 British gangster film, *The Long Good Friday* gone 42nd street. If you think I'm joking, until as recently as a few years ago there was a clothing store on the 'duce called Superfly Fashions.

Anyway, Willie, a powerful New York pimp has it all. The obscene looking pimp-mobile, "popular" women working for him, drugs, and, of course, a really big closet, presumably walk in. As in *Good Friday*, Willie's empire begins to crumble and he is soon trying to find out which "friend" is behind the coup. But that's not really true. It's just an excuse really, because as a cop easily trailing a brightly clothed suspect comments, "Whatever happened to criminals trying to be inconspicuous?". Shaft was all about black leather minus the kink. Superfly was all about getting *out* of those Player threads while Jones wore the same standard issue kung-fu get ups that graced a thousand chop-socky operas. Caesar was the most unorthodox when it came to clothing. In the beginning scenes where we see the young Caesar, supposedly in the fifties, everybody's dressed as if it was already the seventies. Talk about fashion foresight. One thing's for sure - Willie is a hell of a lot flashier than Antonio Fargas's funky Huggy Bear, the peacock pimp from tv's *Starsky and Hutch*.

And then there's the women. Besides the ladies of his stable there's the standard female lead, unexpectedly in the person of Honeybaby star Diana Sands. Fortunately Diana's character, Cora Williams, is not some dependant 'ho but a ex-'ho turned social worker out to save Willie's women, mostly from Willie. Her boyfriend, assistant D.A. Robert Daniels (blaxploitation perennial Thalmus Rasulala), is out to nail Willie, as are a couple of racist cops. Needless to say Willie is not a popular person but will his impeccable fashion sense get him through - or at least to a sequel?

No.

Willie may have made it to the end of the one and only instalment of his life story but it is quite the opposite for the white producers

were being introduced. Clint had his zine out but this was when I found out about his Fair connection. When the Host of the

CROWN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES PRESENTS

WELCOME HOME BROTHER CHARLES

YOU DONE
THE MAN'S TIME—
NOW YOU'RE
GONNA DO
OURS!



They Tried
To Take
Everything—
Even His
Manhood!

"WELCOME HOME, BROTHER CHARLES" Starring MARLO MONTE
REATHA GREY • STAN KAMBER • TIFFANY PETERS

Produced And Directed By JAMAA FANAKA • Screenplay By JAMAA FANAKA

Cinematography By JAMES BABIJ • Music Composed And Produced By WILLIAM ANDERSON
A BEA-BOB PRODUCTION • A CROWN INTERNATIONAL PICTURES RELEASE

METROCOLOR
RESTRICTED

show turns to me and asks "what's your definition of a zine?" I immediately ignored his question and tore into Clint for being

**Ain't no one crosses WILLIE "D"
He's tight, together, and mean.
Chicks, Chumps, he uses 'em all.
He's got to be Number-One.**



A ZANUCK / BROWN PRODUCTION **WILLIE DYNAMITE**

STARRING **ROScoe ORMAN · DIANA SANDS · THALMUS RASULALA · ROGER ROBINSON**
AND INTRODUCING **JOYCE WALKER** SCREENPLAY BY **JOE KEYES JR.** AND **RON CUTLER**
DIRECTED BY **GILBERT MOSES** PRODUCED BY **RICHARD D. ZANUCK AND DAVID BROWN** A UNIVERSAL PICTURE
MUSIC BY **J.J. JOHNSON** LYRICS BY **GILBERT MOSES, III** Original Soundtrack Album available exclusively on MCA Records & Tapes **R** RATED: May 11, 1974. Restricted. Under 17, Accompanied by Parent or Adult Guardian.

performers, Isaac Hayes, still riding high after the success of the Oscar winning Theme From Shaft, played title character Truck Turner in Jonathan Kaplan's 1974 film about skip tracers. Corman regular Dick Miller, who later co-wrote the screenplay for Cirio Santiago's T.N.T. Jackson (no relation to Action Jackson), is in it as well as Nichelle Nichols from the ooooooooold Star Trek. Both Jeff Bridges and Rob Reiner ended up in as students in Halls Of Anger, a 1970 film about bussing ("YOU'VE GOT 3000 BLACK KIDS, 60 WHITE KIDS AND A WAR GOING ON!") starring a pre-Honeybaby Calvin Lockhart as one of those boring Room 222-ish social reform type vice principals. Well...(HK)

WILLIE DYNAMITE (USA '73) dir:Gilbert Moses, pro:Richard Zanuck & David Brown, scr:Ron Cutter, str:Roscoe Orman, Diana Sands, Thalmus Rasulala, Juanita Brown.



In **Cleopatra Jones**, Cleo, played by Tamara Dobson, is a dedicated supercop out to bust up the drug scene in her neighborhood. She's honest, righteous and incredibly violent, a one man woman dependent on no man. Or woman for that matter, since drug queen pin Shelly Winters lesbian advances go unanswered till Cleo finally flattens her in the final reel. In Kenan Ivory Wyann's blaxploitation spoof I'm Gonna Get You Sucker... woman like Cleo are no where to be found, written out of celluloid history along with Pam Grier, Carol Speed, Wanita Brown, Brenda Sykes, Ella Brown and Diana Sands. Why? Because nobody wanted or asked for ass kicking females and as sure as nobody predicted them, nobody will remember them either. *

At it's most superficial **Cleopatra Jones** represents the whitest blueprints for blaxploitation in the true comic book fashion. You've got funky junkies, scary serio, revolutionary panther types, street people "colorfully" jivin' for the camera, pimps, corrupt racist cops, even signifying T.V. ghetto mom Ester Rolle as the mother of the kung fu twins who help Cleo. There's even Don Cornelius, the urbane black Dick Clark as the M.C. of a club. Plug those demographics in and you've got something that could easily be slotted in between All In The Family, Love Boat and Get Christy Love!

While Tamara Dobson lacks the spunk of Pam Grier and it's particularly unconvincing in fight scenes director Jack Starret (remember him from The Gay Deceivers, a queersploitation curio covered a couple of issues back?) moves the action along with a refreshingly juvenile use of camp sensibilities. Winters "Mommy" nibbles necks and chews up scenery as if nobody told her that her gig on Batman was over. Blaxploitation perenial Antonio Fargas, as Doodlebug, plans to hijack Winters poppie paradise - he even gets a white chauffeur to prove he's serious about turning every table. His laughable "hip" name as well as his Sly Stone thrift shop wardrobe (even better than the Disney inspired threads worn in 73's Willie Dynamite) serve as a hilarious hint of what was in store for Fargas in Sucker. If this wasn't enough qualification Max Julien from Black Klansman fame conceived the Story for Cleo as well as co-wrote the script. (HK)

CLEOPATRA JONES (USA'73) dir:Jack Starrett, scr:Max Julien & Sheldon Keller, str:Tamara Dobson, Bernie Casey, Brenda Sykes, Shelley Winters

Ad Mat No. 203A 2 Col. x 7 1/8" 200 Lines Mat No. 203A

of his one shot existence. Isn't that always the way? Richard D. Zanuck and David Brown went on to produce a couple of the seventies biggest mainstream exploitation hits, Jaws and The Sting. Earlier this year Zanuck's wife, Lili Finn Zanuck, made her directorial debut with Rush, a less than impressive stab at creating another mainstream exploiter hit. It worked for Silence Of The Lambs. Of course it's not totally off track to see a normally mainstream personality enter what Trashcompactor considers the Celebrity Closet. My personal favorite in the blaxploitation genre is the 1973 sequel to Super Fly, Super Fly T.N.T., set in Rome (!) with a screenplay by Root's Autobiography Of Malcolm X author Alex Haley. Super high-flying Ron O'Neal mixed things up further by directing that one himself. Long before Ed McMahon lost his gig with Johnny - even before Star Search - Ed moonlighted in Jim Brown's follow up to Slaughter, 73's Slaughter's Big Rip-Off. As usual Ed isn't a nice guy when he cheats on J.C., playing the deadly head of a crime syndicate. You know you're in trouble when Don Stroud is the heavy. James Brown wrote (with Fred Wesley) and preformed the music. At the time JB still had a successful record on the soundtrack charts for Cohen's Black Caesar. Speaking of

there when the Fair has given such short shift to zines. After this impressive but juvenile out burst the host had to put me



She's
6 feet 2" of
Dynamite...

Cleopatra Jones

and the
Hottest
Super
Agent
Ever!

Original Soundtrack Album
available featuring Joe Simon
(Theme From Cleopatra Jones)
and Milla Jackson ("Love Doctor"
and "It Hurts So Good")

starring

TAMARA DOBSON

co-starring

BERNIE CASEY BRENDIA SYKES and

SHELLEY WINTERS as "Mommy"

PANAVISION® TECHNICAL® Screenplay by Max Julien and Sheldon Keller Produced by William Tennant Directed by Jack Starrett
Story by Max Julien

PG

PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED
Some material may be inappropriate for children under 10

Celebrating Warner Bros. 50th Anniversary  A Warner Communications Company

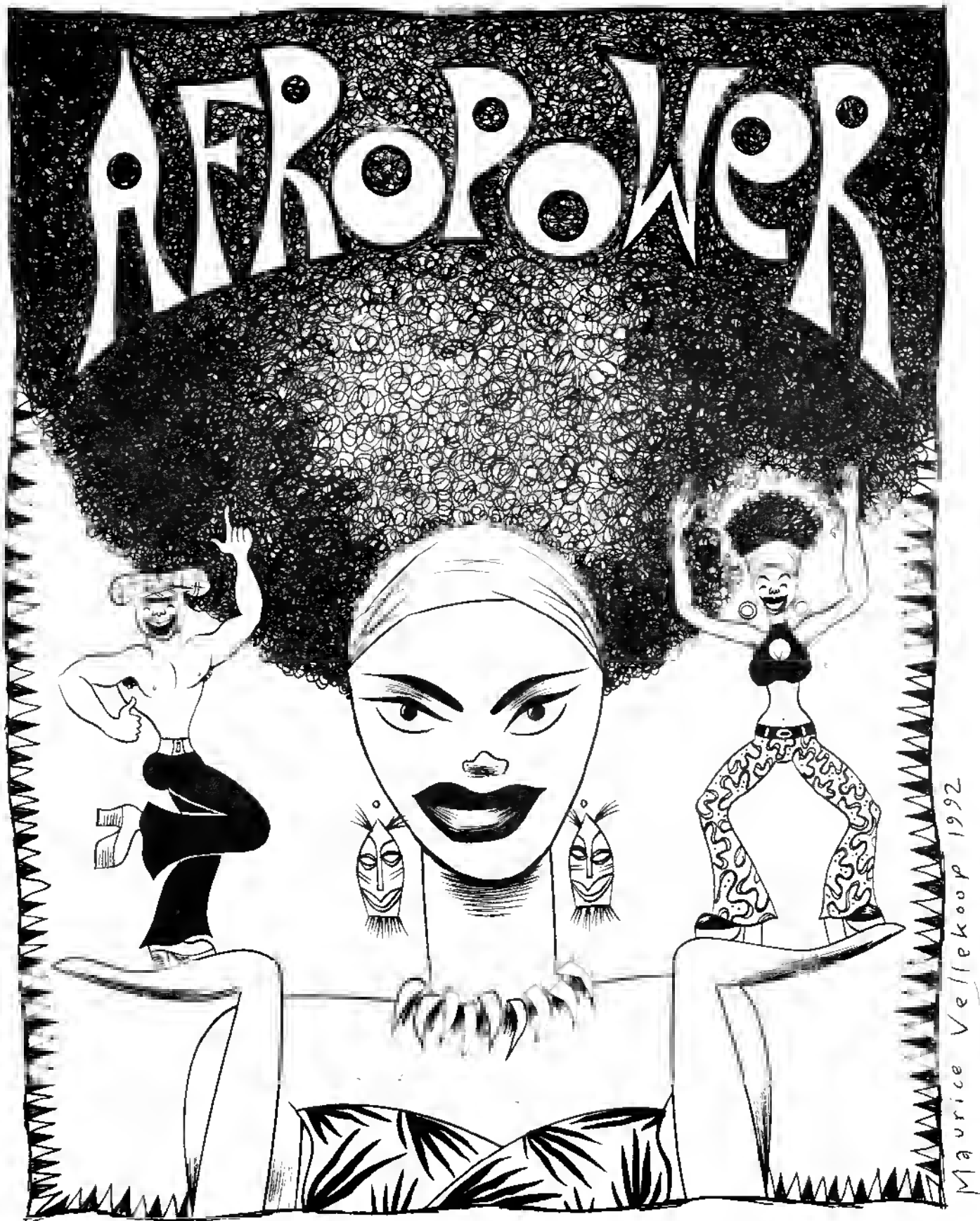
back into line and the show managed to continue with out disintegrating into a Geraldo style brawl. In all fairness Clint

wasn't a part of those past offences and I actually felt like the jerk I'm going to come off as when this thing airs next





September. It's kind of a belated R.I.P. but here's so long in one of my favorite radio shows David's Book Deal with...



heard here on the University of Toronto's campus radio station CIUT fm. Hosted by Dave Bookman it ran weekday's at 10:30

celebrity closet

The SWINGER TECHNICO



WORSHIP THE GODDESS

Ann-Margret is an addiction.

Sure. During her 30 year career she's made some bad films. Really bad films. *The Outside Man*, *Rebus*, *The Villain*, *A Tiger's Tale*. I could go on. But in between the bad flicks, especially at the beginning of her career, she made some classics. I am not talking "classic" in the sense of *Lawrence Of Arabia*. I am talking classic in the sense of kitsch. What's more kitschy than the psychedelic body painting scene in *The Swinger*? Or how about the opening jailbreak scene - bleached hair, torn dress and search lights - of *Kitten With A Whip*?

But beneath all the kitsch lies a talented woman who can sing, dance (boy, can she dance!), and is a damn good actress when she

puts her mind to it? What follows is a rehash of my five favorite Ann-Margret films from the sixties. Love 'em or leave 'em.

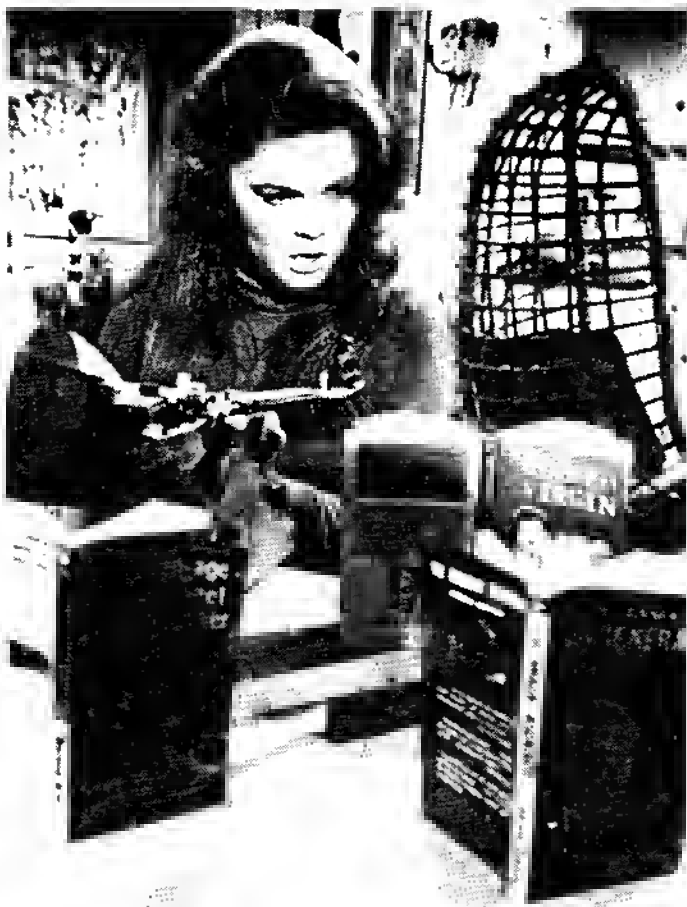
1.) **BYE BYE BIRDIE** ('63) When rock n' roll star Conrad Birdie (Jesse Pearson) is drafted, Pandemonium strikes. Fan are in an uproar. For his farewell performance on *The Ed Sullivan Show*, Birdie has prepared "One Last Kiss", during which he symbolically kisses one fan (female, of course) goodbye in front of zillions of television viewers. Who's That Girl? Kim McAfee (Ann-Margret), of course! She's thrilled about being chosen but of course her boyfriend (Bobby Rydell) isn't. What follows is ninety minutes of pure pop mayhem. Oh, and a happy ending.

This film made Ann-Margret a star. Why? because director George

am and I think I began listening to it pretty close to the beginning. It first tried to be a phone in talk show but due to a lack

Sidney has an Ann-Margret fetish. He created special opening and closing musical numbers just for her: She sings straight into the camera - yellow dress on a blue black background - and because of a secret treadmill, she moves back then trots up, then moves back then trots up. It's quite mesmerizing. Other than the musical numbers (and there are several), Ann-Margret's role is minor, but what scene-stealers! The "Got a Lot of Living To Do" sequence, with Ann-Margret in a hot pink, skin tight treader thang, defines "torrid". The press quickly labeled Ann-Margret "the female Elvis" and a star was born.

Columbia Pictures, color, 112min. Dir: George Sidney. Str: Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke, Ann-Margret, Bobby Rydell.



ANN-MARGRET? A SWINGER?

2.) **KITTEN WITH A WHIP** ('64) "After knifing a matron and setting fire to the girls quarters' of a detention home, young Jody Dvorak (Ann-Margret) breaks into the house of political aspirant David Stratton (John Forsythe)..." So says the American Film Institute Catalog. Not much to add except that Jody is one baaad chick! She threatens to blackmail David. She brings her gang (Buck, Midge and Mavis) over for kicks. She forces David to take an injured comrade in crime to a Tijuana hospital. They crack up. The end (well, almost).

This film shocked the movie going public. No songs. No dancing. No color. Three costume changes. Untamed youth. What exactly is Ann-Margret doing in this movie? I haven't the slightest idea. I do know that due to it's juvenile delinquent theme this is the only Ann-Margret film considered a cult classic. Its taken years for Ann-Margret to live down the "kitten" moniker. She still makes jokes about it.

Universal Pictures, b&w, 83 min. Dir: Douglas Heyes. Str: Ann-

Margret, John Forsythe, Peter Brown, Richard Anderson.

3.) **VIVA LAS VEGAS** ('64) Race car driver Lucky Jackson (Elvis) goes to Las Vegas to race in the Grand Prix. So does Italian competitor Count Elmo Mancini (Cesare Danova). Both drive off track when swimming instructor Rusty Martin (Ann-Margret) steps in to their path. Cars. Girls. Swingin' music. What more can you ask for?

Coupling the real Elvis with the "female Elvis" was a real coup for George Sidney and he plays with it to the max. Many of the musical scenes seem like pelvis thrust-offs, and to Colonel Tom Parker's dismay Ann-Margret frequently wins. He never again let a name star play against Elvis. Anyway, the Elvis/Ann-Margret chemistry makes this film a real treat. Fans freaked over the closing wedding scene, but what's the scoop on the rumored Elvis/Ann-Margret romance? She isn't talking. She did politely decline Elvis' marriage proposal. When she turned to Las Vegas in the late sixties, Elvis sent her flowers every opening night, but on August 16, 1977, when the flowers didn't come, Ann-Margret panicked. She was the only celebrity to attend The King's funeral.

MGM, color, 86 min. Dir: George Sidney. Elvis Presley, Ann-Margret, Cesare Danova, William Demarest.

4.) **ONCE A THIEF** ('65) Eddie (Alain Delon) is an ex-con trying to go straight. Kristine (Ann-Margret) is his adoring wife. When cop Mike Vito (Van Heflin) jails Eddie under trumped-up charges, Kristine goes to work. Eddie is so ashamed that his wife has to earn a few dimes as a cock-tail waitress, he goes back to the syndicate. The moral of this story is: a life of crime does not pay.

This is a very subtle crime drama, with a surprisingly good performance by Ann-Margret. Viewers got their first glimpse at the acting skill which later earned her two Academy award nominations. Nonetheless, the shock of seeing Ann-Margret not singing, not thrusting, and not being a sex bomb was too much for the general public to take and this flick quickly died at the box office.

MGM, b&w, 106 min. Dir: Ralph Nelson. Str: Alain Delon, Ann-Margret, Van Heflin, Jack Palance.

5.) **THE SWINGER** ('66) Kelly Olsson (Ann-Margret) knows she's got the fiction writing goods, but "Girl-Lure" editor Ric Colby (Tony Franciosa) doesn't think her stories are steamy enough. Knowing that inclusion in this formidable periodical will make her instantly legitimate, Kelly motorcycles home and makes up "The Swinger", her life story, full of depravity and excess. Ric doesn't believe her. She spends the rest of the film proving what a swinger she is.

This film is an amalgamation of the mid-sixties pop culture. It has motorcycles. Vinyl skirts. The Watusi. Girlie magazines. Craazy camera angles. Psychedelic body painting ("The Human Piantbrush" is one of Kelly's many fictionalized nicknames). Pot. You name it, it's in here.

Once again George Sidney created opening and closing sequences for Ann-Margret. But instead of a treadmill, these have trampolines, trapeze swings and slides. They even have giant "Batman"-esque opticals ("Ooooweeeee!"). Just too much, man.

Imagine this: You're in a theater. The lights go down. The Paramount intro runs. Then you see an extreme close-up of the back of Ann-Margret's beautiful head. A screenful of red hair. Slowly, she turns around. The first words out of her mouth? "Hey, swinger." The entire audience collapses under the weight of massive hipness. If you see only one Ann-Margret film, see this one.

Paramount, color, 81 min. Dir: George Sidney. Str: Ann-Margret, Tony Franciosa, Robert Coote, Yvonne Romaine. (JK)

of callers Dave had no where to go but to turn in on his own self to fill his slot. Of course this is nothing new when it comes

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EYE VIOLENCE

So what can be said about T.O. homeboy Bruce La Bruce's world acclaimed film that hasn't been said already? **NO SKIN OFF MY ASS** is loosely based on Robert Altman's 1968 film "Cold Day in the Park" except that it's a gay hairdresser (is that redundant?) who's fascinated by skinheads and picks up one (played with sullen indifference by new cult star Klaus von Brucker) in the park on none other than a cold day. The dialogue is hilarious. The best lines being shot off by G. B. Jones who plays the skin heads' dyke sister, a revolutionary filmmaker trying to get her lethargic cast interested in making a film called *Girls Of The SLA*. Line's like, "If your life was a film you're going to look back at this and wished you had a better hairdresser" and of course, the Edith Massey-esque lines like, "If you're a skinhead you're stupid. If you're queer you're smart." The film looks great too. Initially filmed in grainy black and white Super-8mm and later transferred to 16mm, it's really inspirational to watch with that artistic yet budget conscious fact in mind. It makes you want to just do it, man - let's cut our hair and make a film! If you love the films of Waters, Paul Morrissey or John Hughes (and who doesn't?), you'll love *No Skin*. And finally, we, at Trashcompactor wonder... is Klaus von Brucker the new Joe Dallesandro? Is Bruce the new Fassbinder and G.B. the new Russ Meyer (or is it really the other way around?). (WS)

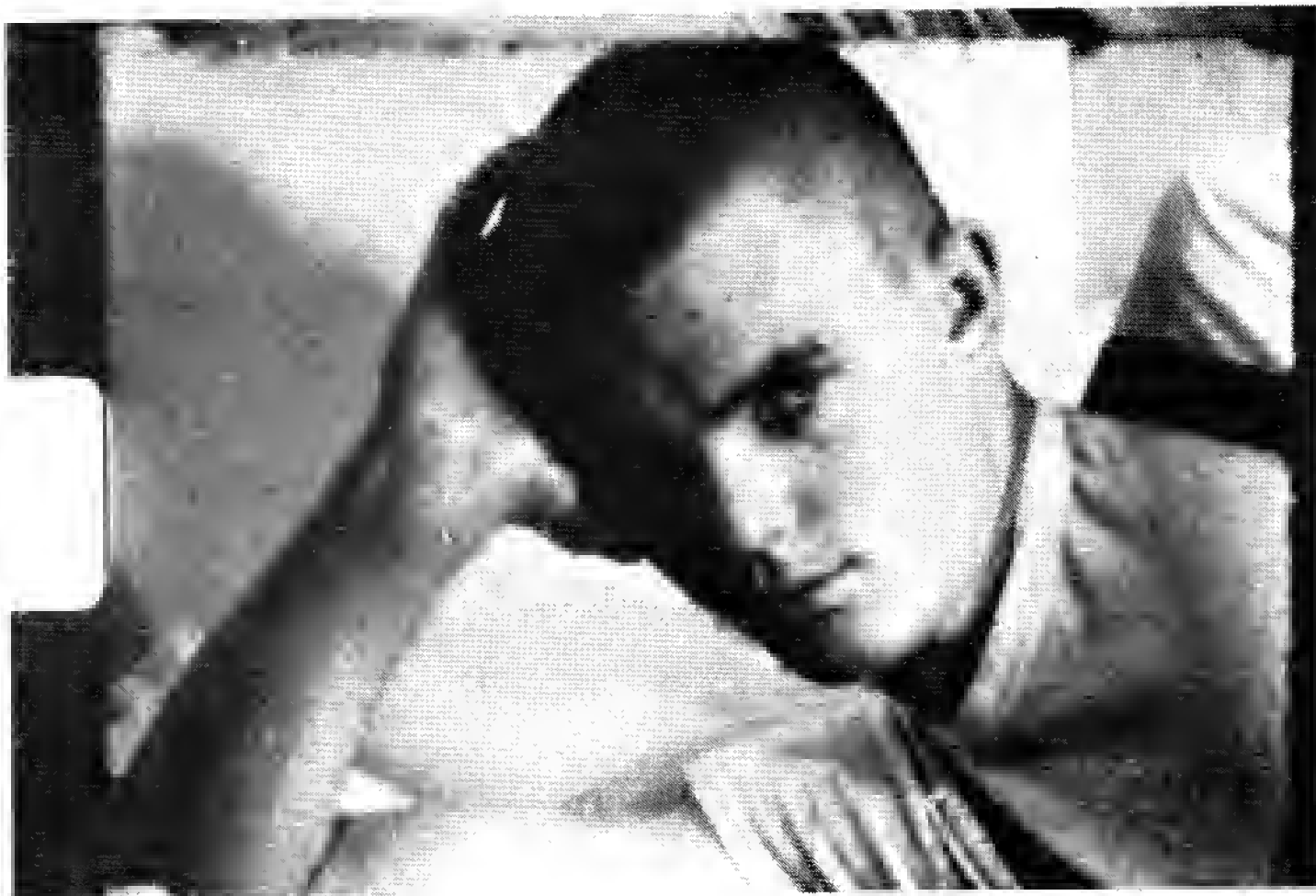
Chris Gore may be best known as the editor of *Film Threat* magazine and a high profile film festival crasher. When not busy figuring out how to expose lotusland or creating elaborate false identities he directs films that he hopes will eventually gain him access to both Hollywood and festivals legitimately. His latest effort, **RED**, based on an obscure bit of urban mythology, may be the ticket. Red has several things that festivals love going for it. It's filmed in black and white, has a vaguely experimental feel to it (the first half of this 30 minute film reinvents cinema by taking the motion out of the picture, using only still photographs, while the sound track is made up of prank phone calls recorded on a telephone answering machine for dialogue) and has got a culty star, in this case b movie vet Lawrence Tierney. So far he's the only actor directed by DeMille, Norman Mailer and Chris Gore. Speaking of wise career moves Red features a cameo by "Thou Shall Not Kill...Except" director Scott Spiegel as Red's wife (yes!). For those unfamiliar with the premise "the Red tapes" are a semi legendary series of phone pranks ("Can I speak to Mike Hunt?" is the level of genius at work here) played on the foul mouthed, short tempered proprietor of a run down "serious drinking men's bar" located in New Jersey. Gore discovered these tapes (as did the creators of *The Simpsons*. They based their Moe the Bartender character on the real Red) and fashioned a work of vulgar fascination that should appeal to the obscene caller/juvenile delinquent in everyone. The second half becomes slightly more conventional, forgoing the tapes as well as the slide presentaion technique for live action and dialogue. Even though I have to hand it to Gore for pushing the gimmick as far as he did it was getting tiring and repetitious. Veering away from reality for an expected finale of sleazy sex and sadistic gore, Red quits becoming a festival type film (although that crowd rarely turns down an opportunity for a low thrill) and begins to resemble something that'll sell in the pages of the *Film Threat Video Guide*. On top of that Red is the kind of all in the family yes-man project FT loves to make fun of when Hollywood does it. You gotta love it. FTVG editor Dave Williams worked on it as well as FT radio creator Richard Ferren. Did I mention FYVG even did a 12 page cover story on it?! Written by Dave Williams!! Encourage Gore by sending lots of \$\$\$ so we can see how much of a "threat" he really is...(HK)

Exploitation and sleaze fans rejoice! In this 60 minute film will be at least one thing to make any non-appreiative friends think you've snapped. **The ORBITRONS** is a Goofy B&W independent film that appears to have crawled out of New Jersey. Almost a tribute to old sci-fi/horror films such as "Frankenstein Meets The Space Monster" or "Night Of The Living Dead" this film has many disgusting (and hilarious) moments, enabling it to rise above being a backyard homage. Our hero, Kubash, rides out to a graveyard to celebrate the anniversary of his first ejaculation. As night falls he goes to the spot where he first came and whips it out but before he is able to celebrate a spaceship descends. Hiding behind a gravestone Kubash watches as two aliens, Bizwad and Starleatha (an amazing extraterrestrial dominatrix), raise an army of zombies from out of the ground and plot to control the world. Ignored by the police (who are literally pigs) Kubash goes to his biker friend for help and they both go to the graveyard at dusk to save the world. This brief summary may sound tame but let's run through the disgusting highlights: piss, shit, dicks, whips, leather, latex, vomit, zombies, cannibalism, masturbation, penis injection, crucifixion and alien birth. All packed into 60 tongue in cheek minutes!! Plus lots of motorcycle footage, great music and fascist cops. Nothing astonishing, just basic mind-numbing fun. \$14.95 (plus \$2 postage) from Ghost Limb Films, p/o box#3066 Hoboken New Jersey 07030. (CG)

Are you ready for the "who's on first" of movie titles? William Thomas Greystone has recently released a home made slice of dementia called **ONE WIERD FLICK** which is basically one wierd flick. Here we go: "Wanna see One Wierd Flick?", "Sure, what's it called?", "One Wierd Flick!", "Yeah, okay, I wanna see it. But what's it called?!" And on like that till somebody ends up in the city morgue. Anyway the actual film took 3 years to produce and involves an alien biology team who come to study earthlings and end up with a nully collections of sub-humans. Magic mushroom fans, hippies, spawns of human/alien intercourse, parodies of The A Team and McGuyver, ninja's, space rodents and "heavy wierdness" abound in this 100min video. Like Ed Wood and Phil Tucker before him Greystone knows that the best sci-fi is made from common house hold items. Pie plates, average looking mechanical things and kitchen utensils are all you need to beat those big budget snooze fests. The fact is that Greystone does know how to tell a story and his obviously tight budget (all the sound is looped and one voice is used for several speakers - or maybe all aliens sound the same?) shouldn't be held against One Wierd Flick. Ordering info on this VHS tape is as such: \$29.95 (US) from box 10813, Naples, FL 33940. Add \$2.50 for shipping and Florida orders should add 6% tax.

I recently rented a tape of **THE WEIRD WORLD OF LSD** (USA '67; also available by mail order from Something Weird) and was shocked to find out how dull acid really is. Hopefully it's just this film, which seems like half a dozen unfinished films stuck together via some "shocking" dangers of dope narration. I would hate to have seen this film in a theater where I wouldn't have been able to keep my remote's fast-forward button floored. Being as it's a Something Weird tape I just thought, "well, at least they'll be a bunch of good exploitation trailers following it". Well there were but what really knocked me out was the half hour "documentary" entitled **JOURNEY IN TIME** (USA '71) which followed a head named Donny and his rapid descent from glue sniffing to junk, all to the "sound of today's rock music". It's bad trip after bad trip - none of which Donny can remember, the narration warns, since the

It wasn't my show but I felt it could have been. It inspired me. That's the key to all art and I do think, at times, Dave was a bit



NO SKIN OFF MY SKIN

drugs have killed most of his brain cells. The sad truth is Donny doesn't remember that he really wants to JUST SAY NO! so his torment deepens... It over the top fun but I wonder if Bob Dylan, The Beatles (who began the destruction of America's youth, don't ya know) or Janis Joplin knew that their music was used to illustrate this classic propaganda film. They probably would have been pleased. With some proof in the pudding footage of the Dead openly getting high and the ultimate "hate-in", Altamont.(HK)

Elvis has now left the building and has become the ultimate fetish object of our collective meat eating conscious. So what else is new? In Jon Moritsugus' grainy, muffled, pseudo documentary short **DER ELVIS** (USA '87) we discover our Elvis was as much a productive of generational hillbilly incest and overdosing on red meat as the pure American madness theory most grainy, muffled pseudo intellectual rock critics love to drone on about. Ask Dave Marsh. Der Elvis is Scorpio Rising by way of Albert Goldman, a disjointed twin autopsy of both "The King" and a popular culture seized by fan magazines, fast food and compromise. On the other hand his follow up short, **SLEAZY RIDER** (USA'88), takes less percise aim at it's hippy dippy inspiration and ends up falling a little shorter. Merging Hopper's youth culture classic with lesser known JD films, Joan Jett look-a-likes and an affected art school mentality Moritsugus' "girl hoods on an epic scum ride" search for an America out of focus, out of sync and cut like an overlong "B" movie trailer. Both films, produced just prior to his first feature, *My Degeneration*, fully demonstrate the roots of his obsession with meat, junk culture and the kind of thematic juxtaposition that resembles an intellectual seizure. Send \$25 bucks (US) to the

director at 131 Hugo St., #11, San Francisco, CA, 94122 if you want to get to the meat of things.(HK)

The unfortunate problem with most sleazy sixties sexploitation films is after the basic sizzle they tend to fizzle fast. Sure I love 'em but sometimes 60 or 80 minutes can seem like an eternity, the only thing keeping me awake is the fact that I may have been waiting years to see these disgusting little treasures. Now if you could somehow manage to cut out useless distractions like plot, character development and dialogue you could not only save alot of time but also manage to retain some kind of respect for theses films as entertainment and not sominex. Since nobody has had the master stroke to issue Classics Illustrated film versions of films like *Hot Skin* And *Cold Cash* or *Gutter Girls* the next best solution seem to be - what else?- trailer compilations. Although these compilations have been popular for years (and not just on vidco, I remember five hour trailer nights at Toronto's Original .99 Cent Roxy back in the seventies) Something Weird Video has recently made wet dreams come true by releasing a series of **TWISTED SEX TRAILERS** - nothing but sleaze, sleaze and more sleaze for the totally undiscriminating trash film junkie. Each volume runs approximately 90 minutes and usually contains more than forty trailers. Since most of these films are probably lost forever (only a handful are listed in any reference books) these tapes serve as an invaluable glimpse of classic hard sell smut and probably preserve the best scenes from alot of fairly dull films blessed with great titles. Right now I'm thick in the middle of the first three volumes just to learn #4 and #5 are ready and waiting! Since we're in a deeply sexist, pandering mood I'd also like to mention that

of an artist splashing music , literature, rock n' roll poetry (his own and others) as well as his over media saturated

Something Weird Video has also just released a virtual sixties Sex-O-Rama of sleaze with over forty full length titles to outrage and amuse. Recently I caught one title, Dale Berry's 1966 tease flick **HOT THRILLS AND WARM CHILLS**, which features Lorna Maitland in one of her few post Meyer roles. Basically it's the story of four bad girl ex-gang members who decide to give it one more go and steal the gold encrusted "King Sex" crown during Mardi Gras. Of course that's just the slim thread that attempts to justify bringing this black and white orgy of bouffant hair, hip dialogue and large breasted cigar chomping hellcats to the silver screen. Featuring totally dubbed dialogue, a Champs inspired soundtrack that never lets up, scenes that come out of no where, linger briefly and then return to where ever they came from, lesbianism ("I want to live without the scum you call men!" blasts one dyke) and all the technical foibles you'd expect. This is the kind of film that enrages the politically correct, will be dismissed by the dull and truly appreciated by few. For more info on the great garbage available from Something Weird see their ads elsewhere in this issue.(HK)

In case you haven't heard, there's a new (old) must-see cult film to catch on video - and you don't even have to pay thirty bucks for some choppy tenth generation dupe to see it. Released by Cinevista, a video label that specializes in ART movies (Jarman, Amoldovar) **Black Lizard** (Japan '68 dir: Kinja Fukasku) is one unexpected trip - and you can use words like that without that revolting Oliver Stone feeling because that's the films original tone. Part James Bond, part go-go zombie movie, it's an early example of the Japanese filtering their fascination with middleclass American culture through a warped episode of the Batman tv series and ending up with a transvestite version (the female lead is played by a female impersonator on a Joan Crawford jag) of Cheri Caffaro's *The Abductors*. The really weird thing about these Japanese spins is that they seem to take the funniest aspects of American culture totally serious. I really don't know much about the career of Fukasku's or if he's still alive (speaking of dead, lets not forget to mention Paul Schrader's favorite Japanese writer/warrior Mishima

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for one man.



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co-wrote the script and has a cameo as a hari-kari zombie), but if *Black Lizard* was made just a few years ago he probably would be at the level Amoldovar is at now. And we wouldn't have had to endure *High Heels*. Did I mention the hunchback?(HK)

G.B. JONES

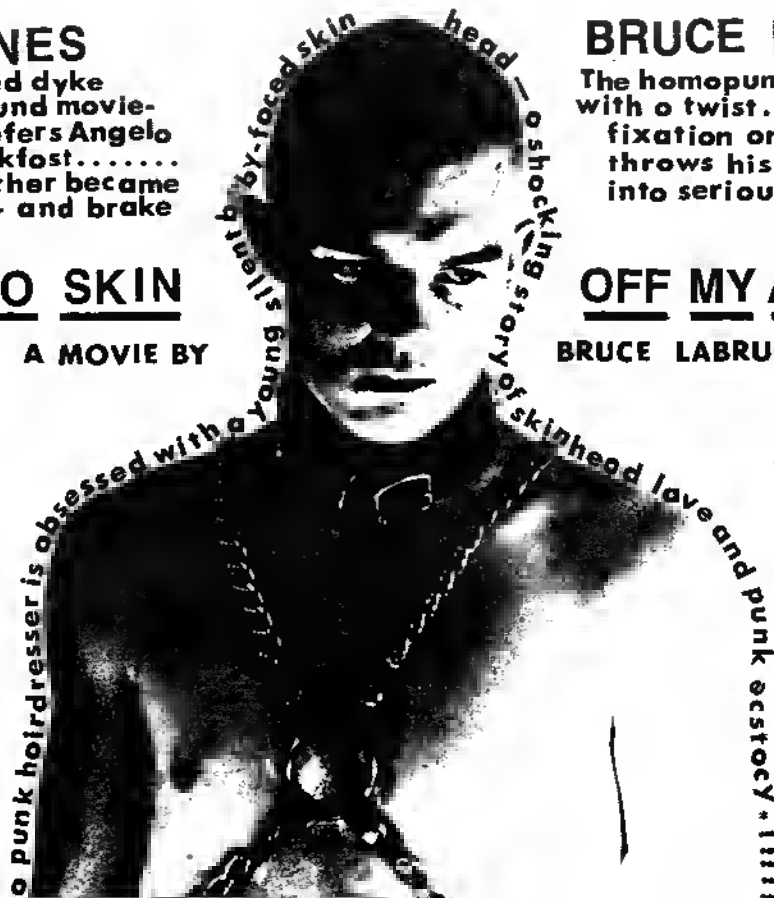
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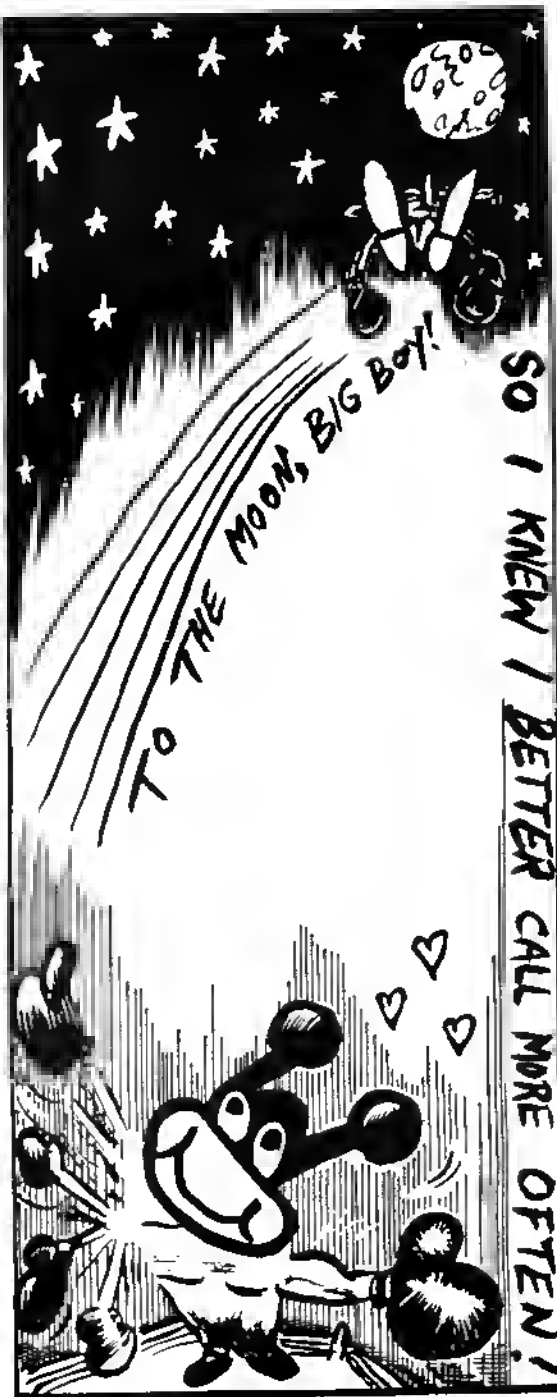
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I COULD SEE RIGHT OFF
THAT THAT BAD FLY
WAS A BAD INFLUENCE!



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PSYCHOTIC

REACTION

As usual the 1991 edition of the Toronto Festival of Festivals was a varied grabbag of cinema ranging from Hollywood mega vehicles to midnight movies, low budget weirdness, documentaries and the latest in violent Hong Kong imports. While strange violent movies are not limited to the "Midnight Madness" series (programmed by Noah Cowan) it's certainly a good place to start seeking them out. While this years selection didn't offer anything as wildly subversive as the previous years Meet The Feebles (NZ '90 dir: Peter Jackson) my personal favorite was John McNaughtons resurrected bloodfest **The Borrower**. Made right after his acclaimed "cult movie" Henry: Portrait Of A Serial Killer, The Borrower was left on the shelf after its production company went bankrupt. Taking this more than twice told tale of a violent earth bound alien who must inhabit human bodies in order to survive (already resently rehashed in The Hidden, The Kiss and Shocker to no great acclaim) McNaughton is able to apply his spikey nihilistic vision and make the whole thing seem as fresh as morning in the slaughter house. Other highlights included Michele Soavi's **The Sect** (produced by Dario Argento), basically what would happen if the Manson Family tried to adopt Rosemary's Baby with all the style - and gore - you'd expect, Jeffery Reiner's **Blood And Concrete**, a loopy dream like colour crime story that's as loose and as tight as a Chet Baker ballad played on a severed limb, as well as **Chinese Ghost Story 3**, once again moving with all the pace and humor of a cardiac arrest. Special notice should be given to Mary Waronov, a great kinky actress who stole the show with no more than a cameo in the otherwise forgettable road film named **Motorama** (dir: Barry Shils).

After Midnights there are a few programs ripe for the deviant festival goer and a good place to begin looking for hardcore weirdness is the First Cinema series. Ranging from George Hickenlooper and Fax Bahr's outrageous documentary on the making of Apocalypse Now, **Hearts Of Darkness** (which could be subtitled You'll Never Have A Heart Attack In This Town Again) to Rico Martinez's camp/trash epic **Desperate**. Definitely a like it or not affair Martinez's first feature is a fantastic journey through the various sleazy strata's of our modern fad driven culture. From punk rock to porno films, attempted glamour and new age satanism, featuring the aptly named Elvis Christ. A must see for those who know that John Waters is no longer cool. Tom DiCillo's **Johnny Suede** is a lower East Side version of Cinderella from the Jarmush/Diver school of ultra cool ambient film making - only a bit more commercial. Starring hunk flavor of the month Brad Pitt (he also played the sexy thief in Thelma And Louise), ex-castaway Tina Louise and Nick Cave in a desperate role that must have hit painfully close to home. Moving over to The Edge series the latest from German fetish Director Monika Treut, **My Father Is Coming**, features sex goddess/slut Annie Sprinkle, a skin piercing fakir, Puerto Rican Lesbians, and a female to male transsexual in what maybe her most tame film. Really. **Rock Soup** is D.O.A. director Lech Kowalskis' harsh documentary on what happens when a group of homeless people attempt to set up a neighborhood free soup kitchen in the midst of New York City's oppressive wealth. Gus Van Sant's short film, **Thanksgiving Prayer**, features William Burroughs reading his own version of this patriotic ritual against a back drop of ironic yet beautifully presented images. Van Sant's last feature, **My Own Private Idaho**, had its Toronto premier at the Festival in the most mainstream program, the Galas, which became slightly hip for one night. Featuring narcoleptic gay hustlers, twisted Shakespearean

references, Udo Keir, William Richart and nothing what so ever to do with that damn B52's song. Not only does the Asian Horizons program feature the latest works by respected cineastes like the late Lino Brocka (whose "respectable" films usually feature actors familiar to fans of John Ashley's Filipino period), but lets face it, violent hyper American influences' fuel both the Filipino and Hong Kong film industries. What may be John Woo's final Hong Kong film before voyaging to the State side center of his muse, **Once A Thief**, shows Woo at his most playful and sentimental. Borrowing inspiration from Hitchcock rather than Sirk (as in The Killer) or Ray (the prologue of Bullet In The Head) Thief once again features Woos' perennial leading man Chow Yun-Fat, this time as an oriental Cary Grant ala To Catch A Thief. Despite the uncharacteristically toned down action sequences Thief loses none of the homoerotic symbolism or exceptional pace Woo has become famous for. In Poon Man Kit's oppressive **To Be Number One** Lui Leung Wai is perhaps the coolest corrupt drug dealing anti hero to hit the screen since Super Fly in 1974. Rougher and far less graceful than Woos action oriented kinetic violence Number One never shies away from a excuse to do some serious on screen damage.

Moving over to Canadian Perspectives section, this year featured **Highway 61**, director Bruce McDonald's fun follow up to 1989's Road Kill. Although both films are superficially "road movies" they feature scripts (written by Don McKellar) that are twice as smart as anything produced by that genre's best screenwriter, James Gordon White. Atom Egoyans' **The Adjuster** is as distant an object as you'd expect from the Canadian master of emotionally crippled film making. With a voyeuristic subplot involving censorship and violent pornography that should could only be the product of living in Ontario. Canadians are especially good at two kinds of film making - satire and documentary. If you think about it those two forms are not really that different and if the first two films mentioned count as "satire" in some twisted sense then their "documentary" counterparts were sure to follow. In Kevin McMahan's giddy **The Falls** we get to see that universal symbol of first night wedded bliss and national pride (every Canadian man, woman and two-four will swear our side is better than Americas) up close from kitsch to tragedy. One of two Gail Singer films at this years Fest is **Wisecracks** (the other, **True Confections**, is a fictional film based a novel by a Canadian diplomat's wife who, in real life, is best known for punching out her servants). Dealing with female comics from Eve Arden to Whoopi Goldberg **Wisecracks** is more than just a film with a filthy double entendre for a title. For more girl talk **Talk 16** is a look at the very different lives of five sixteen year old girls as they attempt to come to terms with sex, parents, school (or lack of it), substance abuse and just plain day to day life. It's the surface every thing from Foxes (USA '76) to Fast Times at Ridgemont High (usa '84) to half a dozen eighties John Hughes films rarely scratches. Now, **Valley Girl** (USA '84) on the other hand...

Finally Contemporary World Cinema is the burring ground for the misfit films that don't fit into any other category. My favorite film of the entire festival was in this series, Dennis O'Rourke's **Good Women Of Bangkok**. It's a gritty, tough documentary on prostitution in Thailand's capital that goes far beyond the sleaze of a low budget Emmanule film or fake mondo/exploitation romp. It's a bad nasty scene populated by women who are either addicts or their families only source of income and the largely western/white

of course. Our relationship has been the victim of a conspiracy of limited time and the direction of his new home. Still,



DESPERATE...



...FOR THRILLS

when there's a new record , or a new film or a new book by someone we both admire I can't help but think it would have been

johns who seem to flock there for cheap submissive sex. They prefer these women because they don't "mouth off like the women back home" but when you're dirt poor living in a cess pool convenient for western exploitation maybe you don't have alot more on your mind then trying to keep yourself and your family from dying the next day. If you have any sense of humanity the scene in which two large white men enter a hotel room with a very young girl is wrenching. You don't have to see what went on behind that door (I wouldn't want to) to realize how hopelessly sick a situation like this is and when you realize that director O'Rourke began his voyage as a customer the films contradictions become all the more vicious. Other stand outs included **Christo In Paris**, about the environmental sculptors ten year struggle to convince French officials to allow him to wrap a Paris bridge completely in

fabric; in true style Derek Jarman's **Edward II** is again long on abstracts, dread, homosexuality and despite all that just plain long; **Delicatessen** is a delicious cannibals vs the vegetarian sort of sci-fi film set somewhere at sometime while **The Leader, His Driver, And The Drivers Wife** is a self described "black comedy about the white right" and concerns South Africas paramilitary racist AWB political party. With any festival that would sadistically pack nearly three hundred films into only ten days you know your gonna miss a few treasures (and catch a few dogs). Two I missed but heard great things about were **Carne**, a very gory short film that is supposedly being lengthened to gain greater release potential and **Blonde Fist**, about a female boxer who looks like Brigitte Nielsen and fights like Rocky. Now, talk about inspired...

PROFILE IN TERROR...

Rico Martinez is a Chinese-Filipino-Mexican-America film maker whose first feature film, **Desperate**, was either liked or hated by most people I knew who saw it. The best reaction would be to like hating it I guess.

In my best interview voice I asked:

Trashcompactor: Why did you make this film in black and white?
Rico Martinez: I showed the crew *Who's Afraid of Virginia Wolfe?* and Lenny, I wanted it to look like that but a little more extreme. There's one scene in *Virginia Wolfe* - and they never do this in film - where they pan and all of a sudden the light's will blow, and blow out part of Elizabeth Taylor's face. In terms of camera movement I wanted it to look like *America's Most Wanted* or any of those other "re-enactment" things.

T.: Your influences are splashed all over this film.

R.M.: Some of them. A lot of my influences are music and tv but there's also 19th century novels. Thomas Hardy's my favorite. In *Desperate* part of the spirit is the same as in *Jude The Obscure* or *Return Of The Native*. This kind of idea of down trodden people who will always be fatalistically down trodden trying to move in some direction other than down - and they're desperate to do it. As for music in the film I think that whether it's Tom Jones, The Germs or Madonna, I like them because they're all extremes and I think in there extremities they're genius. It's all sensibilities. Physically I'm a hybrid, I'm Chinese-Mexican-Filipino, by culturally I'm a hybrid too. When I was little I listened to my mom's Tom Jones and Elvis records, I was into disco when I was in Jr. High, then I was in to Punk rock, then Hip-Hop, then Speed-Metal. The most interesting things done today are strange hybrids - *America's Most Wanted*, *USA Today* - the idea of faster format where everything is densely packed, as close together as possible.

T.: If you strip away the artifice, are Tom Jones and The Germs the same thing?

R.M.: Uh... I don't know if I'd go that far.

T.: Some have compared your work to Jon Moritsugu's.

R.M.: I think his work is more formalist and kind of... intellectual where I like to think my work is more accessible and... kind of stupid actually.

T.: How long did *Desperate* take to make?

R.M.: About a year and a half from beginning to end with about thirteen days of actual shooting. I'd like to break into the mainstream by doing exactly what I'm doing. I want to do films that people will want to see because they are what they are - that people would want to see a certain style. Like a boutique opposed to retail. Like Madonna - and if she's not mainstream I don't know who is - but the things she does there's nobody else who could bring those things forward. Who else do you see finger-banging themselves on a bed while two queenie guys are gyrating with conecittos on. That's insane. I came out of a very experimental seventies education and I know some of them are very militant and will say, "that's stupid. What does that do?", but at least she's fucking with things and if that doesn't count for things on the level she's doing it then I don't know what counts.

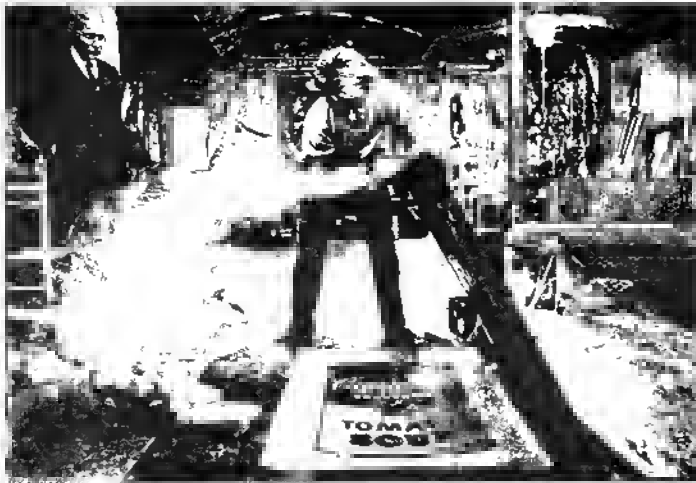
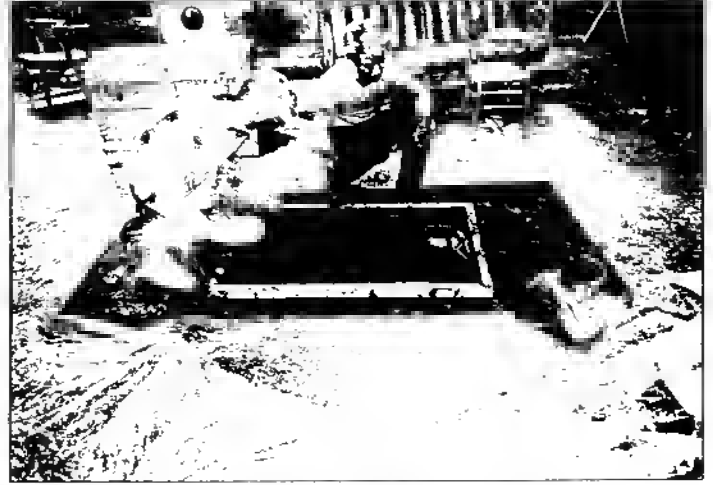
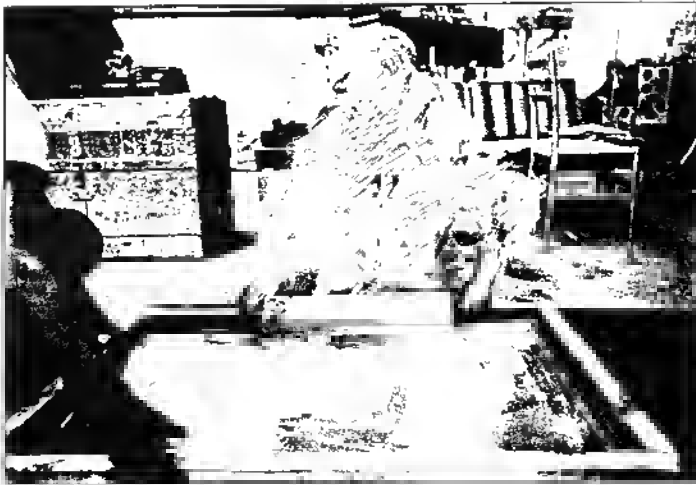


T.: Could you see her in one of your films?

R.M.: My friends joke about it because I've always been so obsessed with Madonna but I don't know what I'd do with her she's such a hugh figure. She's so "Madonna" it would almost have to be about her. That's why I think *Truth Or Dare* is her best movie because she was allowed to be just Madonna.

For info on R.M.'s next project see his letter in this issues letters column.(HK)

more fun to experience in Dave's context. Last year a new weekly entertainment tabloid began publishing in Toronto.



14. Warhol and Gerard Malanga screen printing Campbell's Soup Can paintings, c 1964-65

Andy at 74 Ave

When it began I considered approaching them with the idea of writing a weekly column on alternative culture since they

the smut peddlers



Well it's been a long time since we last checked into the screwed up world of way out zine publishing and this issue we decided to try to list the considerable number of trash culture zines emanating from the Toronto area. Of course we're bound to fail - and offend - since there are so many around and I'm sure a few of the zines listed may not particularly think of themselves as "trashy". Tough luck dearies. All addresses listed are in Toronto unless otherwise indicated. Following are a few deserving out-of-towners we love. All reviews are Trashcompactor unless indicated by (GS) for Glenn Salter or (GM) for Geoff Marshall.



ASIAN EYES (253 College St. Box #108, Tor., Ont., M5T 1R5) Hong Kong cinema and if you think that means old Bruce Lee films you're in for a shock. Hong Kong produces incredible action films and if you think Hollywood movies like Robocop (copied HK style as Robotrix) or the Indiana Jones films move quickly these film move twice as fast and generally make even less sense - if you can believe that! **CONFUSED** (P.O. box 41054, 1414 Dixie Rd., Miss., Ont., L4W 4X9) Long running although sporadically published music zine that covers alot of hardcore punk as well as those treading the dubious path of post punk. Whatever that may be?!(GS) **DON'T TELL JANE AND FRANKIE** (P.O. Box #55, stn. E, Tor., Ont., M6H 4E1) A must have for fans of JD's this thick zine features a telling dissection of a Wonder Woman comic that exposes its lesbian subtext, 21 people who *should* be gay and an illustrated section of "interesting" couples like Shawn and David Cassidy, Drew Barrymore and Bridget Fonda. Plus a delicate menage a tous between Linnea Quigley, Christina Applegate and a Black & Decker chainsaw. Touchy feely indeed!!

DOOM HAULED (63 Longbow Square, Scar., Ont., M1W 2W6) Speed/death metal up the wazoo! Read about bands with cute names like Iron Lightning, Lawnmower Death and Grimskunk.(GS) **DOUBLE BILL** (P.O. Box #55, stn. E, Tor., Ont., M6H 4E1) The demystification of William S. Burroughs - like it or not (and alot of people don't, sacred cows and all that). When not being serious (asking the question: Does a misogynist pedophile who killed his wife and got away with it deserve the idolatry "cool" people heap on him?) this zine asks us to consider cuddly William "Cannon" Conrad as an acceptable alternative. **DRASTIC SOLUTIONS** (2 Embro Drive, Downsview, Ont., M3H 2M8) Hardcore bands mixed with social/political columns. Very slick, clean layout. Editors Paul Abrash and Steven Perry also raunch out in local h/c group One Blood.(GS) **EHMPPHISIS** (17b Wales Av., Tor., Ont., M5T 1J2) Erica Ehm is a VJ on Canada's answer to MTV, Much Music and this is a zine dedicated to her. If I was E.E. I'd be a wee bit worried about how much these guys seem to know about my personal life. Of course I'm not E.E. but on the other hand I'm not Rebecca Schaffer either. **FELINE FRENZY** (49 Dundonald St. #14, Tor., Ont., M4Y 1K3) If the vixens of Meyers' seminal Faster Pussycat! Kill! Kill! ever started a band they'd probably be regulars in this knowledgeable and substantial zine on the women of classic garage rock. **FEMZINE** (2 Bloor St. West stn#100, Box 120, Tor., Ont., M4W 3E2) This zine is produced by wymyn (their spelling) and is packed full of interesting and informative work. Interviews, essays, poetry, comic - it's all here but where's the second issue?(GS) **FIST IN YOUR FACE** (383 Markham St. 2nd

floor, Tor., Ont., M5C 2K5) "Share the pain" is both the advice and the subject of this zine which publishes peoples first hand experiences with being punched out. Deranged "mountain women", homophobes and your average drunk suburban teenagers are all on the loose looking for potential victims and your story may be printed next issue if you're not careful! F.O.D. (P.O. box 136 stn. "P", Tor., Ont., M5S 2S7) Pick your own meaning for these cryptic initials or just forget all rational thought and wallow in editor Urania 235's thick n' wild mix of graphics, disturbing news items and selected media reviews. For example, the most recent issue, #3, goes for \$7 and is about as thick as an old Playboy magazine. **GARY MONSTER MAGAZINE** (311 Palmerston Blvd., Bsm., Tor., Ont., M6G 2N5) A mixed bag of cut and paste craziness. Focused on monsters (Universal horror flicks) musclemen, comic art (Bill Ward, Tom of Finland) Betty Page and Batman. Fun and frivolity for all. If this seems o.k. then check out Gary's spin off zine **MONSTER BITCH SESSION**, also at the same hovel.(GS) **GOUT** (282 Parliament #68, Tor., Ont., M5A 3A4) A thick tribute zine dedicated to the homoerotic visionary Gloria Berlin Jones of

J.D.'s, Fifth Column and the soon to be released Bitch Nation among many other things. Compiled by Johnny Noxzema of the sadly defunct (?) Bimbox. **HOT FROGGIE** (781 Queen St. E, #2, Tor., Ont.) Any zine that would have the intellectual foresight to reprint a couple of pages from "Hello, I'm Johnny Cash" (Spire Christian Comics) is neat-keen in my book. Also contains articles and artwork. Is #3 out yet?(GS) **HOYDEN** (391 Sherbourne St. #312, Tor., Ont., M4X 1K6) According to their editorial this zine is trying to find a medium between humorless feminist zines and fun but insulting fashion magazines (are there any fashion zines I wonder?). Issue #1 features articles on abortion and menstrual cramps as well as "The Standing Up To Pee Club" devoted to women who do decidedly anti-female things publicly. **IN YOUR FACE** (P.O. Box #1703, 3266 Yonge St., Tor., Ont., M4N 3P6) Gay zine consisting mostly of articles, some photos and art with noticeable Queer Nation ties. Fairly politically correct but not completely boring.(GS) **J.D.'s** (P.O. box #1110 Adelaide St. stn, Tor., Ont., M5C 2K5) When you're talking inspirational zines J.D.'s is a high ranking rag, spawning numerous other folks to vent their spleens and leave a vast amount of Queer zine mania. Their motto "To put the gay back in punk and the punk back in gay". Truly an original.(GS) **MACHINE POWER** (5 Admiral Rd., Tor., Ont., M5R 2L5) Centers around the hardcore industrial music scene. Lots of music (both live and on tape) reviews plus news, zine listings and comix. **MEDIA PENETRATION** (13 Burnfield Ave., Tor., Ont., M6G 1Y4) Formerly Video Pages this nifty digest size zine covers the spectrum of pop/sub-culture. Of course being a contributor eliminates any negative remarks I might have, had I any.(GS) **MLC** (P.O. Box 1213 stn. B, Downsview, Ont., M3H 5V6) More initials but this time their meaning is easier to discern - Madonna Louise Ciccone of course! Slick and fact filled with the right amount of trashy gossip to keep things fun. **PANICOS** (P.O.Box 742, stn. Q, Tor., Ont., M4T 2N5) Now here's a twisted fetish, a zine dedicated to mexploitation films. Produced by the editor of the sadly defunct Killbaby (a great trash culture zine crushed by the weight of it's own genius) Panicos is densely packed with all you need to know about bad mexicana. The Taco-gore of zines.(GS/HK) **PARANOID TALES OF NEUROSIS** (85 Black Friar Lane, Brantford, Ont., N3R 7M2) While essentially a comix oriented zine we included it based on its razor sharp parody of an entry in the ReSearch book Incredibly Strange Films. It's exhaustive "interview" with sleaze director Phil

seemed interested in doing different things. The problems started when they began a column entitled Trash Compactor which

PROFILE IN TERROR...

If you are a William S. Burroughs fan YOU SHOULD TURN THE PAGE RIGHT NOW! Or maybe not. Maybe you just think you are a W.S.B. fan because you wanna be a real live fuck-society subversive just like all those other noir kids who - and lets be honest here - all own That Book but have never really read it. That's okay, they saw the movie. Who really wants to be a member of a society that openly endorses violence towards women, the sexual exploitation of children and macho gun play. Not you Right? The following is not so much an excerpt from the zine Double Bill (see our Toronto zine directory) but a reflection of it's contents penned by the its' editors. Note to wiseguys and gals: yeah, we know the illustration is not from Double Bill but instead from the zine Scab. It just happens to be the one we used. Anyway, it's all in the family. (HK)

PHONE BILL

DOUBLE BILL: Hello Operator, could I please have the phone number for Lawrence, Kansas, please?

OPERATOR: Is that someone's name?

D.B.: No, it's a place.

OPERATOR: Oh, I get it. Like Dorothy and the ruby slippers. The area code is 913 and the universal information is 555-1212.

D.B.: Thank You.

D.B.: Hello information, do you have a listing for William S. Burroughs?

Operator: Oh, do you mean William S. Burroughs Communications Inc.?

D.B.: Yes.

Operator: The number is 841-3905

D.B.: Thank you very much.

William S. Burroughs Communications Inc.: (the voice of a secretary James Grauerholz) : Thank you for calling William S. Burroughs Communications Inc. We are either busy doing something else or we are on another line. Please leave a message.

D.B.: Hi, Bill. Guess what? The Naked Lunch Cafe on Queen St. West in Toronto looked rather empty the last time we drove by. We just wanted to call and find out if things are going O.K. after your triple by-pass surgery and your fall out of bed. Did you get the present we sent you, that box of "Depends"? We've heard a rumor you'll be doing the new ad with Jane Allyson for television - is that true? You're getting so well known in Middle America now that the movie's out and doing fairly well in major urban centers. I guess the cartel won't have to put out that book "The Making of Naked Lunch", you know, the one that was supposed to save your reputation in the event that the film flopped. Thank God.

Oh, we were talking to your ex-boyfriend from a few years ago when he was around 17, you know, Mark Ewart? You might think of sending him back to The Naropa Institute (The Jack Kerouac School of Disembodied Poetics) in Boulder, Colorado, that ranch where you send all the young writers to learn the Burroughs programme. I think his new pal, Dennis Cooper, has let him do comics or drawings for a zine called "Rut Roh". And a movie with a girl entitled "The Lollipop Generation".

Any new boy prospects on the ranch? Maybe you should think of using that new subliminal teaching method they're showing on T.V. now, on the paid commercial shows. It would speed things up and you could really put those young boys through their paces. You could increase the volume of Burroughsian youth on the street. It's good to keep the Institute's bank account full for the second coming. A drop in your popularity now could jeopardize the financial security of the reincarnation you're planning for. And Bill, how are things coming along with your prospective plans for the breeding centers you outlined in "The Job"? You know how you "don't want women wandering around (while pregnant) because



there's all sorts of things that can happen to a child before birth." (The Job, W.S. Burroughs, 1974) Shielding children from any female influence while maturing, because it could prove detrimental, is another concern of yours too, isn't it? Isn't there a grant you can get for ground breaking research like that?

Getting in much larger practice? And how 'bout that Cronenberg? When all's said and done at least we can say you've never been on the cover of "XTRA".

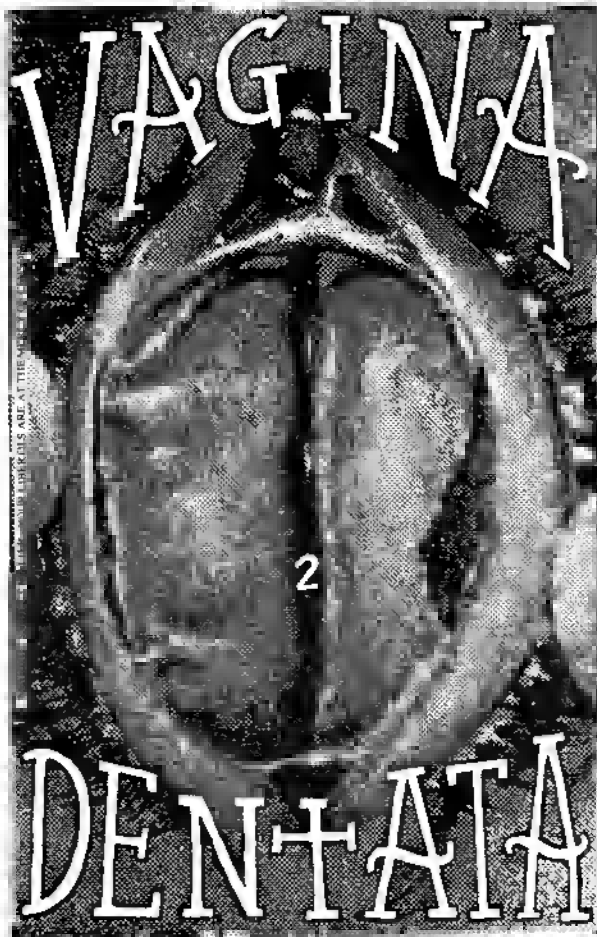
Well, Bill, it's been great talking to your machine. Write, O.K.? By the way, did you see last weeks episode of "Jake and the Fatman"?

by the editors of Double Bill: Jean von Brucker, G. B. Jones, Rex, Johnny Noxzema, Caroline Azar, Deisel Mechante

P.S. (8+4x1) + (9+5-3+0) = 23 n.b. see Double Bill, P.O. Box 55, Station E, Toronto, Ont., Canada. M6H 4E1 for equation analysis.

did nothing more than reprint supermarket gossip tabloid headlines. I immediately wrote them a letter requesting that they

Cohen looks identical to the real thing, right down to the gory stills and terrific film titles. I personally couldn't pass up a film called *Giving (Jenny Back Her) Head or I Fuck Your Corpse* even if it is a fantasy - call me jaded and get the hell out of here if you can't take it. **SCAB** (c/o Bimbox 282 Parliament #68, Tor., Ont., M5A 3A5) From the same bunch that puts out Double Bill, Gout, Jane & Frankie and the highly anticipated Bitch Nation - don't these people ever sleep....alone? More anti-Burroughs raps, outright bitching, anti breeding rants and gay bashing advice for cloneophobes. **SEXORAMA** (P.O. Box#611, sta."C", Tor. M6J 3R9) Although the title is a bit misleading - it's more mondo than



sexo - this rag is the spiritual ancestor of those fifties and sixties male oriented magazines that often positioned pin-up girls next to photo essay's on Auschwitz.(GS/HK) **SKULL SESSION** (3187 Keynes Court, Mississauga, Ont., L5N 2Z7) Hardcore/political zine that isn't afraid to be at odds with other genre zines or even deconstruct a few comics to their own ends. Discover the point where Big Meat Hammer, Sick Of It All and Betty & Veronica intersect violently. **SURTERRENEA** (47 Thorncliffe Park Dr. #609, Tor., Ont., M4H 1J5) Focused on European cinema but definitely not the art-house kind. Here you'll find every thing from blood soaked cannibal chunk blower flicks to sadistic but tiresome (and loooooong) "horror films". Jess Franco fans (?!!) take note.(GS/HK) **TERMINAL ISLAND** (253 College St. #108 Tor. Ont., M5T 1R7) Dedicated specifically to female directors on the trashy side (Doris Wishman or Lizzie Borden rather than Penny Marshall or Barbara Striesand). May soon be alternating issues with it's evil twin sister dedicated to actresses House Of Psychotic Women. Or maybe not. **TINY DUMB LOVE** (34 Nobel St. #304, Tor., Ont., M6K 2C9) Kind of old but issues can still be found sticking out of trash cans around town. Features various forms of cultural weirdness including a massive list of original names you can purchase if you're at a loss for what to call your musical group, performance art collective or even your pet! Write now before all the best ones are taken up by people with even less imagination than you. **TUNGA TUNGA** (3329 Lonefeather Cres., Mississauga, Ont., L4Y 3G6) If you want some insight into who

spins the wheels of the local hardcore/punk scene look no further. With six issues to date the current issue covers punk literature from Maximum Rock n' Roll to Hippycore.(GS) **VAGINA DENTATA** (Box#336 253 College St., Tor., Ont., M5T 1R5) A thick fun/weird sex zine that concerns itself with everything from Evian bottle masturbation to chronic bra burns and leopard lust. Really. With considerable input from F.O.D.'s Urania 235. **VIRUS 23** (144 Borrens St. Thornhill, Ont., L4J 2W8) Since only one of this impressive publications three editors hail from the Toronto area we're only going to review a third of this zine. Well not really but it would be easy to divie up this diverse cultural investigation into art, fiction and various media manifestations. **UNDERGROUND PARTY PAPERS** (2367 Queen St. E., suite#4, Tor., Ont., M4E 1H2) Welcome to the world of Mighty Thor as he pounds out a steady stream of news, reviews and absolutely useless trivia from his thrown in Volokwyn. The Party Papers provide a detailed schedule of events, including alot of information from the grapevine that is usually accurate and always entertaining. There is no distinctions made between different types of events and culture. It's all grist for the Thor's information mill. Also of note is "the pint box", a beer column which covers the zen of brewski, and "I was so wasted", which chronicles the personal upchuck adventures of some hapless contributor.(GM) **WHATEVER TURNS YA ON** (1660 Bloor St. E. #501, Miss., Ont., L4X 1R9) For fans of last years incredible Nooks And Crannies this one shot S&M/fetishism zine should be out before summers end but I'm keeping my fingers crossed! (GS).



FERTILE LaTOYAH JACKSON Probably one of the most wickedly outrageous rags around. We recently received their "Paris issue" which featured all the low down dishy dirt on everyone from boy toy Jean Paul Gaultier to one of Warren B.'s pre- Benning dishrags, Isabelle Adjani. Straight (probable not the best term) off the pavement of L.A.'s Sunset Blvd., Fertile is the groin-child of a fun loving group of black teen drag queen's who seem to know who in tinsel town is gay (almost everybody) who's, let's say, "impressively over extended" and who's just plain bad news. It's a terrific read but you begin to get the idea that it's all abet too good to be true. Wishful thinking or not, individual issues go for \$4.00 (US) and can be had by sending cash only to C.D. Sanders 7850 Sunset Blvd. Penthouse Suite 110, Los Angeles Ca. 90046 USA for every little white boys taboo dream. **DREADFUL PLEASURES** Good old fashioned deconstructivist zine dedicated to keeping alive the classic 42nd St. state of movie mind. At least a few US zines are still covering American made swill. It seems that most of the rats have recently jumped ship in favour of strict Euro-gore or Hong Kong kinetics. ANYWAY...lots of review, somewhat faded ad mats and a handy filmography of female exploitation stars makes DP a fairly packed pleasure. \$2 (US) to 650 Prospect Ave. Fairview N.J.07022. **MOTORBOOTY** A Motorcity mix of strange cartoons, interviews (Harry Crews, MC 5(th) Rod Tyner, ex-Stooge Ron Asherton) and music article centered around that elusive beast known as "Detroit Culture". One high light is a believe it or not tour of Detroit music lore featuring everybody from Roy Howdy to Madonna which is hilarious - unless you're Dave Marsh that is. Another is a must see 1964 photo of a young Iggy Pop with his fellow Pioneer High debate team members. If you can't find Motorbooty on your local trash-heaps then write P.O. box 7944 Ann Arbor Mi. 48107 USA for info. **STAMMER** Like Trashcompactor Stammer deals with a different topic each issue. The "Sex Issue" features writing, drawings, photos, poetry and scattered obscene doodling dedicated to the wild world of S-E-X. Garden bondage, trans-sexuals, prostitution, humpable hermaphrodites, women with whips plus cameos by Long Jeanne Silver and Kitten Natividad. So much fun we can hardly wait for their next issue, which will be on celebrities. A 3 issue subscription goes for just \$5.00 so write to P.O. box 1408, Station A London, Ontario, Canada N6A 5M2 and discover the secrets of the Deep Transverse Perineal Muscle - if you dare! **WE ARE THE**

WEIRD And you may be weird too if you dig drive-in avatar Joe Bob Briggs bi-weekly (!) 16 page offering to the wild at heart. Indisputably the crown prince of white trash Americana Joe Bob used to write Drive-In movie reviews for mainstream papers till a coalition of liberals (read:communists) and rabid baptists ran him practically as far back as Iraq. As soon as you could holler "Chuck Norris!" (he still counts somewhere) Joe Bob regrouped to capture the book market (J.B.'s got 4 out so far), video (J.B. hosts a "Sleaziest Movies in the History of the World" series), Cable ("Drive-In Theatre" appears every Saturday night on Movie Channel) and now the zine world. When does this man Sleep? Maybe the real question is where does this man sleep? Subscription go for \$65.00 (US) a year - remember that's sleaze every two weeks - and are available from P.O. box 2002, Dallas Texas 75221 USA.

ODDO ODDO is a new 'zine from Italy dedicated to film, art criticism, comics and mammary sleaze icons - take your pick as you dive into this slippery mix of Charles Burns, Russ Meyer, Weirdo comics, Gilbert And George, Morrissey and Chesty Morgan (an ODDO dream date). A diverse 'zine like few others, decide if it's for you by sending \$5.00 to Oddone Ricci C.P. 1045 Bologna Centro Italy. A definitely recommended original.

VIDEOOOZE Excellent art direction isn't the only thing that makes Videooze a welcome addition to the 'zine scene. If you're a fan of publications like European Trash Cinema and Sub-Terrenia you already know what a wide open field the European horror film can be and just how much there is to be covered on video. Videooze helps to plug those blood encrusted holes (they do make the occasional nod to American based product) in fine style with Good articles and an abundance of clear graphics. Subscriptions are not offered but individual copies can be obtained by sending \$3 (US) or \$5.00 for overseas to Bob Sargent, P.O. box 9911 Alexandria, VA 22304 USA.

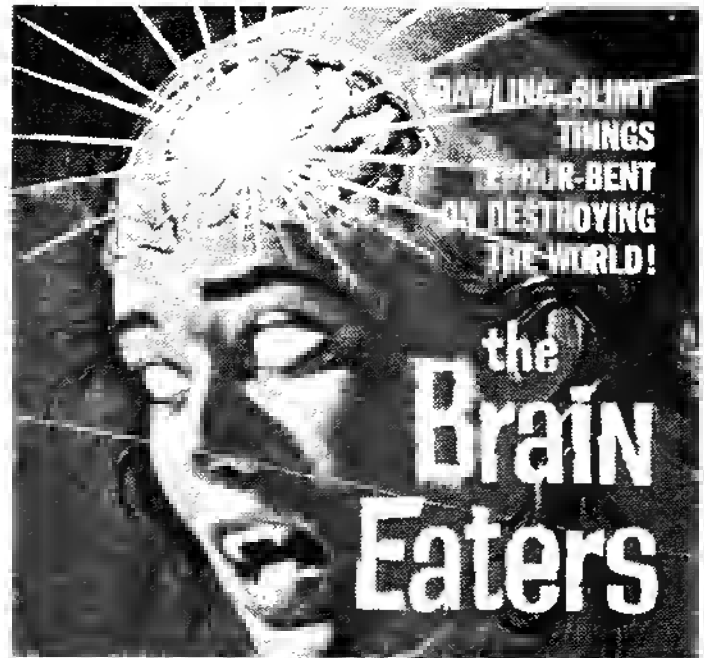
DIRT The editors of this zine on pop culture feeders (Jon Moritsugu, James Crumley, the band Bewitched) must have been either pissed off or greatly amused when a slick corporate mag named DIRT, also about pop culture feeders (Crispin Glover, Penn And Teller, the band Biohazard) came out. Maybe they should start subtling themselves "That other Dirt", it sure beats "Son of Sassy". \$1.50 (US) from box#40668 Albuquerque, NM 87196.

GUTTER TRASH Issue #1 took editor Mike Black several years to get together so he admits it'll be an irregular event. Loving testimonials to fallen NY smut houses, a less hostile than usual Nick Zedd interview, bad Tom Of Finland imitations, R.D. Steckler and a really sweet article on Candy Darling. Could be the new Stink. \$3 (US) from Mike Tsaros, 1740 Mulford Av., apt.#10g, Bronx, NY, 10461.



Notable...but not so new. If you've lost touch with the award winning **Exploitation Retrospective** Dante and his crew of rehabilitated sicko's have a new address right down the road from the electro shock centre - P.O. box 1155 Haddonfield N.J. 08033-0708 USA. (Question:isn't that the town where they kept Michael Meyers?). Michael Gingold would like everybody to know that, because of time demands, **Scaraphentala**, his fine zine on all that's new and twisted in filmdom, will not longer come out on a monthly basis but as close to it as possible. There's an address that's not exactly new but is newer than the last one published in these slow poke pages. Write this down kids:P.O. box 489, Murray Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10156-0489 USA. Yearly subscriptions still go for the reasonable rate of \$7.50 (US) a year or \$14.00 overseas. From our Stupid Editors file comes this belated addition to last issue's Smut Peddlers column. After raving about the most resent issue of the all Hammer 'zine **Little Shoppe Of Horrors** we neglected to include the address. Bright? P.O. box 3107, Des Moines, Iowa 50316. Be smarter than Trashcompactor and write for it today. (HK)

BACK ISSUES



THE BRAIN EATERS starring EDWIN NELSON
JOANNA LEE • ALAN FROST
AN AMERICAN INTERNATIONAL PICTURE

Vol. 1 #1-10 Sold out!

Vol. 2 #1 OBNOXIOUS HIPPY MOVIES **Crap from the summer of love** featuring Mondo Mod, BVD, Bummer, I Am A Groupie, Mother Goose A Go-Go, Psych-out and more. Its all coming back so why not wallow in it? \$4.00 (plus \$1.00 p&h).

Vol. 2 #2 MADE IN JAPAN Rubbersuit monster movies plus Naked Youth, Ed Wood, Corse Grinders, Zines and Marvin Gaye. \$4.00 (plus \$1.00 p&h).

Vol. 2 #3 GOD DAMN MOVIES Sold out!

Vol. 2 #4 FOR A FEW INCHES MORE Queers in exploitation cinema plus Basil Wolverton, the Sid Haig Subhumanitarian Awards and The Fairy Alphabet. Only a few left so order fast to avoid tragic disappointment of suicidal proportions. \$5.00 (plus \$1.00 p&h).

Vol. 2 #5 ALL ABOUT ASHLEY The John Ashley Folklore Guide pt.#1 plus What's It All About Charlie Brown?, video reviews, zines and more Wolverton. Another near sell out. \$5.00 (plus...you know).

Make all cheques and money orders payable to Trashcompactor only! Address them to 233 College St. Suite #108, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5T 1R5 and get your issues sent in a plain brown envelope - YOU PERVERT!

Everyone's talking about SOMETHING WEIRD VIDEOS

60's SEX-O-RAMA

Of New Releases!

There's no turning back now! The Sleuths of Sleaze at Something Weird have unleashed a Torrent of Trash upon the American public that cannot be stopped! From those incredible grade Z "no budget" oddities to exclusive releases of the long sought-after films of David F. Friedman, you need never look further than SOMETHING WEIRD VIDEO for the finest in vintage adult-oriented entertainment!

DAVE FRIEDMAN REVIVAL CONTINUES!

Feast your eyes on these five incredible new releases from the Prince of Pulchritude himself!

SPACE THING

1968, COLOR - Visit the "planet of the rapes" with Captain Mother and her sultry crew of sadistic lesbians in this campy peek into the year 2068! Comes in a full-color box created by Dave "Rocketeer" Stevens!

A Sweet Sickness

1965, BW - Pretty young Dee from somewhere, USA shows up in Hollywood and learns what it takes to become a star. "A moving visual experience," or "Eight reels of sewage?" You be the judge of this nude-ruffie about the underground film business in LA.



THE NOTORIOUS DAUGHTER OF KISSY HILL

1966, COLOR - The incredibly sexy Stacey Walker stars as "Kissy Hill", the teenage Hayden offspring. Toured in the art of lovemaking, she was able to play honky-tonky with the best of them. (The buxom of Roxbury and the Count de Sade among them!)

Brand, Shame

1968, COLOR - "It's the adult color Western that puns you back in the saddle again!" Molly and her stable of prostitutes take on the good and bad guys alike. It's like the kiss of a red-hot branding iron! See Dave Friedman himself at the reins of a stagecoach.



A RIBALD DELIGHT!

Here it is! Dave's big-budget nude left-not epic! An African Alice in wonderland! The film that breaks the law of the jungle! Takes you on a quest into the darkest Africa in search of Algora, the White Goddess. It's definitely "A three-ring circus for the broad-minded!"

Moonlighting Wives

1964, COLOR - "Expose" of a prostitution racket run by a ruthless housewife in the New York suburbs. Directed by Joe Sarno.

Career Bed

1969, BW - A sleazy stage mother pushes her incredibly sexy daughter up the ladder of success. Don't miss this one. Directed by Joel Reed.

Henry's Nite In

1968, BW - Henry's psychiatrist recommends extramarital sex to cure his potency problems. Then he learns how to become invisible. Incredible invisible sex ensues.

Hot Thrills and Warm Chills

1966, BW - "Wild madness that will make you innards sizzle!" Four hot babes, former street gang chums, attempt to pull off a major crime in Rio during Mardi Gras. Starring Rita Alexander and featuring Russ Meyer star Lorna Maitland. Steady-listening Mambo music by Perez Prado. Directed by Dale Berry.



Aroused

1966, BW - Here's a real sickie! Killer of prostitutes gets it in the end. Directed by Anton Holden.

Sinderella and the Golden Bra

1964, COLOR - Musical comedy variation of the popular Cinderella story with the major difference involving bust, instead of foot size.

The Weird World of LSD

1967, BW - Whoever made this one must have been using large amounts of the then popular hallucinogen. So wild and over the top, we can't recommend it enough!

Naughty Dallas

1964, COLOR - Larry "Mars Needs Women" Buchanan's first movie! Young, naive country gal goes to the big city to become a stripper. This rease classic was shot in Jack Ruby's Dallas strip club two months before the JFK assassination.

Hot Blooded Woman

1965, BW - Young nymphomaniac can't resist exhibiting herself. She finally gets raped, sent to a nut house, etc. Directed by Dale Berry.

Fly Now, Pay Later

1969, BW - Definitely of the nude-ruffie-sleaze category, this story of drug smuggling stewardesses does not contain one flim! However they did manage to include snakes, torture and various other important sleaze elements to keep our interest.

Sock It To Me Baby

1968, BW - Uncle's got the hot for his niece. But Anne has been getting it on with her for years. A fine 60's portrayal of pent-up sexual frustration. Directed by Lou Campa.

To Turn A Trick

1967, BW - A twisted photographer takes in a wannabe model and shows her the tricks of the trade. Features drug abuse, lesbianism and degenerate lifestyles in 60's NYC. Produced by Sam Lake.

Private Relations

1968, BW - PR man Earl Dudley has his hands full in this sleazy film filled with cheesy sets, naked gags and plenty of mistakes and bloopers left intact in order to save film. Produced by Lou Campa.

Sex Freedom In Germany

1969, COLOR - A wacky mondo-keyhole look at 60's sexual practices in Germany including nude musicians, a sex political party, porno movie production, and a not-to-be-missed shocking art performance by Otto Muhl.

We All Go Down

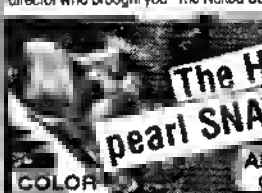
1969, BW - Directed by Gerard "Deep Throat" Damiano, this excellent example of gritty 60's NYOB&W sleaze has it all: drugs, boobs, orgies and terrible acting. Don't miss it.

The Girl Grabbers

1968, COLOR - Girl-hungry hoodlums on the loose in NYC! A true "nude-ruffie"!

The Hot Pearl Snatch

1965, COLOR - A true leaze and sleaze mess! Nude pearl divers, strippers, voodoo curse, entirely senseless yet titillating. From the same director who brought you "The Naked Complex".



Paris Ooh-La-La!

1963, COLOR - An American businessman goes on a 24-hour sex spree in Paris, ending up in the Crazy Horse Saloon where he gets more than an eye-full! A "left nut" in the true nude-cutie tradition.

A Woman In Love

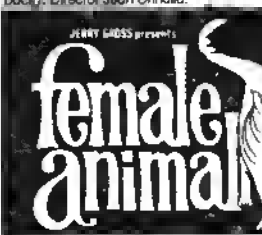
1969, BW - A guy loses his marbles and mess seducing his friend's wife. When that doesn't work, he rapes his fiancée who he thinks is his step-sister! A truly strange nude film.

18... And Ready

1968, BW - Sleaze film director and his lesbian talent agent write lure young girls into a seething web of perverted thrills.

Female Animal

1970, COLOR - Angelique, via flashbacks, recounts the events leading up to her present position (flat on her back). Director: Juan Grinella.



Naughty New Orleans

1962, COLOR - Empties bump and grind in the French Quarter.

The Devil's Joint

1969, BW - Here's a true "Something Weird" find. A documentary on marijuana score films of the 20s and 30s. It's a howl. Narrator is obviously pro-pot. The film was probably financed by wacked-out hippie drug dealers. A must-see!

The Commuter Game

1969, BW - Two suburban husbands rent an apartment in the city to use as a love pad. When their wives catch on they join in on the fun and games. Directed by Fred Karmel.

That Tender Touch

1969, COLOR - Another fine nude tease flick. Directed by Russell Vincent.

The Spy Who Came

1969, BW - A lesbian blackmailer makes innaminate moves of a police detective with a prostitute a week before his wedding. Another ruffie.

One Shocking Moment

1965, BW - Director Ted V. Mikels' "lost" nude tease film has bisexuality, sadomasochism, orgies and... marriage. A rare discovery!

The Ultimate Voyeur

1969, BW - A man pays people to do weird things while he looks on. A real sickie.

Ann and Eve

1969, COLOR - An 18 year-old girl meets a lesbian nightclub singer. They run off together only to have a shattering experience involving seduction and rape.

Rio Nudo

1969, COLOR - A voyeuristic view of Rio De Janeiro's red light district. "Orgies, prostitutes and exotic dancers in a frenzy of drinking, dancing and sensual abandon!"

The Games Men Play

1963, BW - A prostitute becomes ill with Bubonic Plague in a seamy hotel filled with sexually frustrated guests. Director: Daniel Tinayre.

The Minx

1970, COLOR - Big-time shady business dealings, adulterous affairs and good old honky-tonky make this the ultimate blend of sex and violence.

Kitten In A Cage

1968, BW - A strange sex melodrama involving a girl on the run-jewel thieves and lesbian topless dancers.

Brazen Women of Balzac

1969, COLOR - West Germany is responsible for this good-looking soft-core film involving the mistaken identity theme mistresses, orgies and big bazooms galore!

Country Girl

1967, COLOR - She uses a whiskey bottle in the wildest way imaginable! This film is "a Cadillac in the adult market."

Dracula, The Dirty Old Man

1968, COLOR - The ultimate nude horror comedy!

Hey Fellows... LOOK WHAT'S NEW!!

TWISTED SEX TRAILERS

Don't miss our latest crop of 60's adults only trailers. TWO NEW VOLUMES, nos. 4 and 5, NOW AVAILABLE FOR SHIPPING! Collect the whole set!

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Volumes no. 6 and 7 of our popular collection of spicy burlesque shorts now available! Collect the whole set!

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The above volumes come complete with full color wraparound covers. Retailers: inquire about quantity discounts.

For a complete catalog send \$3.00 to "S.W.V. Catalog," Dept. F.U.N. P.O. Box 33664, Seattle, WA 98133. Please state with signature that you are 18 or older.



from a local film collective mentioned to one of us that he'd heard we would be contributing to this new magazine. Nobody

HEY FELLOWS

IT'S **SOMETHING WEIRD** VIDEO'S BIZARRE and UNUSUAL

SUN-BATHING MOVIES

SKYSCRAPER HEEL SHOES

WOW

UNINHIBITED

60's SEXPLOSION

of New Releases

Get ready for the largest onslaught of rare vintage sleaze cinema ever experienced by the American public! These new releases have never been released on video and are transferred directly from the original films by Something Weird video technicians.

AND THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING!


Rare David F. Friedman Films and Trailers Resurrected By Something Weird Video!

Here they are! - The ones we've been waiting for! For the first time on video the cream of the crop of the films produced by the one and only mighty monarch of exploitation!

#020 - A SMELL OF HONEY, A SWALLOW OF BRINE
1965 B&W

The story of a girl who turned men on, turned them off, and turned them inside out. Starring Stacey Walker as Sharon Winters, "the cunning young cannibal who devoured everything that fell into her soft, warm trap!"

a SMELL OF HONEY
SWALLOW OF BRINE
ADULT EXPERIENCE



THE LAUGHING, LEERING, LAMPOONING LURES OF DAVID F. FRIEDMAN

Don't miss this 120-minute collection of Dave Friedman's best - his movie trailers! Transferred directly from Dave's own negatives, it's a titillating tabloid tallying the tantalizing, tacky taboo trailers that snared capacity audiences for two decades! As Dave's mentor Kroger Babb used to say, "sell the sizzle, not the steak!"

HEAD MISTRESS · BRAND OF SHAME · SPACE THING · THAR SHE BLOWS · MASTERPEICE · THE RAMRODDER · ADULT VERSION OF JEKYLL & HYDE · THE SUCKERS · EROTIC ADVENTURES OF ZORRO · LONG, SWEET SWORD OF SIGFRIED · DAUGHTER OF FANNY HILL · THE BRICK DOLLHOUSE · LOVE CAMP SEVEN · TRADER HORNEE · STARLET · THE LUSTFUL TURK · SWEET SICKNESS · THE DEFILERS


#022: Dave Friedman Trailers.....Only \$20.00

#021 - THE DEFILERS
1964 B&W

A shattering study of the shameless "sick set" for shock proof adults! Introducing Mai Jansson - mouth-watering 20 year-old Scandinavian screen find as the virgin victim.

What Further Inhuman Indignity Would She Suffer At The Hands Of

THE Defilers



Twisted Sex


TRAILERS FROM THE SICK SICK SIXTIES

What a find! Over 120 adults-only trailers from the sixties that have never been on video! Thanks to the Sleuths of Sleaze at Something Weird, there's "no rancor needed" to see these trailers from the raunchiest, sickest films that played the art houses, grindhouses and drive-ins on the seedy side of town! Some of this stuff was in such bad taste they wouldn't dare do it today! You'll be disgustingly aroused and delighted by titles like... **IT'S A SICK, SICK, SICK WORLD** · **PLAYPEN GIRLS: ALL WOMEN ARE BAD: SOME LIKE IT VIOLENT: OLGA'S GIRLS: NUDE LAS VEGAS: HOT EROTIC DREAMS: THE DIARY OF KNOCKERS McCALLA: HOT SKIN AND COLD CASH: SEX CLUB INTERNATIONAL · PROFESSOR LUST · CUTTER GIRLS · IN HOT BLOOD · AND MANY MANY MORE!**

#023, 024, 025 · TWISTED SEX TRAILERS
Vols. 1, 2, 3,\$20.00 each

#027 - WOMEN OF THE WORLD
1964 B&W

A Mondo Documentary by the director of *Mondo Cane*, this look at women around the world depicts various unusual customs and bizarre practices of the female *Homo Sapiens*.



THEY'RE UP FROM UNDER THE COUNTER AT LAST!

60's BIZARRO SEX LOOPS

Relatively tame by today's standards, these torbiddon loops stretched the limits of the tastes of their viewers in the 60's and are both entertaining and hilarious to watch today. Great for parties or family get-togethers. "Kink out" to such titles as... "Turned On Toes", "Maniac In The Bedroom", "Melinda, the Latex Maid", "I dreamed I Was A Captive Princess", "Where Is It?", "Rubber Lovers" and many more!

#026- BIZARRO SEX LOOPS.....Only \$20.00




#028 - DR. SEX
1964 COLOR

You'll love this one! The "Twilight Zone" of nudie-cutie films! Talking poodles, a house haunted by naked women, strippers, more!

OH, DOCTOR!
HE EXPLORED MORE THAN THE MIND

THE STRANGE LOVES OF DR. SEX

Featuring WILD ADVENTURES OF 18 OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PATIENTS



Nudie-Cutie
SHORTS, LOOPS and PEEPS

and **GRINDHOUSE FOLLIES**

Because You Had To Have More!!! Due to the overwhelming response to our first batch of Nudie-Cutie Shorts, Loops and Peeps and Grindhouse Follies, we've dug even deeper into the vaults of sleaze and came up with more of that vintage girly bump-and-grind action you love! Each of these volumes runs a solid two hours, unlike the 30-minute garbage sold by other dealers!

#010- NUDIE-CUTIE SHORTS, LOOPS AND PEEPS #6 (40'S, 50'S, 60'S)	Only \$20.00
#011- NUDIE-CUTIE SHORTS, LOOPS AND PEEPS #7 (40'S, 50'S, 60'S)	Only \$20.00
#012- NUDIE-CUTIE SHORTS, LOOPS AND PEEPS #8 (40'S, 50'S, 60'S)	Only \$20.00
#013- NUDIE-CUTIE SHORTS, LOOPS AND PEEPS #9 (50'S, 60'S)	Only \$20.00
#014- NUDIE-CUTIE SHORTS, LOOPS AND PEEPS #10 (50'S, 60'S)	Only \$20.00
#015- NUDIE-CUTIE SHORTS, LOOPS AND PEEPS #11 (50'S, 60'S)	Only \$20.00
#016- NUDIE-CUTIE SHORTS, LOOPS AND PEEPS #12 (50'S, 60'S)	Only \$20.00
#017- NUDIE-CUTIE SHORTS, LOOPS AND PEEPS #13 (50'S, 60'S)	Only \$20.00
#018- GRINDHOUSE FOLLIES #4	Only \$20.00
#019- GRINDHOUSE FOLLIES #5	Only \$20.00

Misc New Release Features...

- #029 **HOTTER AFTER DARK**-67 BW - Nudie detective story shot in Florida. Beautifully bad. A masterpiece.
- #030 **NAKED IN THE NIGHT**-60 BW - Prostitution expose.
- #031 **HELP WANTED FEMALE**-68 BW nudie - May give you gals second thoughts about answering want ads.
- #032 **SIN SYNOCATE - ZERO GIRLS**-67 BW - Roberta Findlay girls-owned-by-mafia gem.

All orders shipped UPS Ground. Please allow 2-3 weeks for delivery. Personal checks must clear before shipping. Please add 3.00 postage for the first tape; 1.50 for each additional tape. For overseas orders, please ADD \$5 per tape. All videos recorded on a new, quality brand name tape at SP mode. Sold from one collector to another. No rights given or implied. Washington State residents add 8.2% sales tax. As these films would be rated "R" by today's ratings system, a signature stating that you are 18 or older is required with all orders.

All Videos are \$20.00 Each. Please make all checks or money orders out to: Mike Vraney PO Box 33664 Seattle, WA 98133 (206) 361-3759 10am-9pm

For a complete catalog send \$3.00 to "S.W.V. Catalog", Dept F.U.N., P.O. Box 33664, Seattle, WA 98133. Please state with signature that you are 18 or older.



SOMETHING WEIRD VIDEO

The above volumes come complete with fully illustrated wraparound covers. Retailers: inquire about Quantity discounts.

Black Listed!

What makes a sociopath truly famous? After all, it's not really what you did that made you famous but how the public perceives your work. After all, the roadsides of North America are littered with bodies but they're also a tad over crowded with serial killers. In Hunting Humans author Elliot Layton estimates that over 3000 serial killers are currently seeking career opportunities in the USA alone. It's true of many fields but nowhere is the competition so deadly then in the mass murdering game. Manson may be the perceived super star of the heinous crimes set but a quick look at a mainstream crime compendiums like Thrill Killers or Women Who Kill reveal more than a dozen barley recognizable wanna-be's that have far better references than a few coked out Hollywood corpses. It's all P.R. baby. Manson, and to a lesser extent Gacy, have benefited from great P.R. - when Nixon declares you're guilty it's like having Bobby D. say you're the greatest actor - and that elusive quality known mystically as "star power". Manson may have the disciples but Gacy's got the fan letters and a great many of them are reprinted in McClelland Associates *They Call Him Mr. Gacy*. Basically it's similar to the letter's to and from Gacy found in *Pandemonium #1*. Letter's range from the adoring ("I'm 28 and single...would you like to exchange letters?" and "What's your favorite recipe?") to the analytical (lots of University letterheads) to the famous (a gushing Ophra Winfrey wrote a 2 page letter requesting an interview - incidentally the gushing is about herself) while Gacy's tone remains relatively constant. Besides the correspondence (and Gacy's colour clown/skull painting that adorns the cover) there's a perverse lets-freak-out-the-guests coffee table appeal owning a book like this provides. If you can't find it at your local Classic's book store then try writing to the book's publishers, McClelland Associates, at P.O. box 563, Brighton Co. 80601 USA.

I didn't realize till recently that the James Romanesko who edits the excellent fanzine *Obscure* (box#1334 Milwaukee, WI 53201) also compiled *Death Log*, a gruesome collection of coroner's reports published back in 1982. Featuring everything from the hilarious deaths and suicides of the common person to the publicity seeking demises of the famous and near famous, *Death Log* includes death by autoerotic misadventure, suicide after watching the Freddie Prinze story, various murders following neighbourhood tiffs (proving suburbia not as safe as the hype claims), those who doff themselves because they hated to do their homework while others inhale cooking spray and end up becoming salad for worms. Killing your parents is still the homicide of choice for today's bored youth and there are some dandies included here. *Death Log* is one book that is not afraid to wave a dead baby in your face (or multiples there of) and while it may be difficult to locate a copy if you're basically a very sick person and a magnet for perversity one may eventually find its way into your hands. At worst your efforts could earn you an entry in *Death Log II*.

Ian (no last names please) began publishing small personal editions that fuse illustration, comics, found and original text and design under the imprint Maga Publications (recently changed to *Passe De Chance*) in about 1986. Since then Maga/Passe has maintained a production schedule of roughly five titles a year, split between original and submitted material. Print runs usually range from 100 to 300 copies depending on the amount of hand made work required. Distribution is usually a hit and run affair depending on word of mouth, reviews in other zines and sale from a small number of stores. Originally inspired by other self publishers -

including Julie Doucet's pre *Drawn & Quarterly Dirty Polite* and his favorite punk culture zines - Ian began producing his own books. Besides his now annual *Nancy Sinatras Official Calendar* (not really Franks' little girl but a local kitch/sex awareness band) Ian has recently published *Way Out*, a comic/book which found its inspiration in a note Ian found crumpled up in an apartment he was once moving into. On it was a desperate - and depressing - plea someone had written to his brother demanding money owed. *Adamant Eva* uses appropriate text from diverse sources, mainly the Bible and tabloid coverage of Cher's matrimonial misfires. According to Ian, "I got the idea when I was reading a trashy seventies biography on Sonny & Cher and to me it just seemed to parallel the story of Adam and Eve". One of the best examples of Ian's collaborative works is *The Liposuctioned Corpse*, written by Elissa Joy and designed by Ian, who plundered and reconstructed tacky romance novels for the book's design. Of all the books Ian has produced I think his most complete so far is *Larry Arizona*, a book that seems to be the culmination of the methods Ian has chosen to communicate the way he does. Fusing appropriated text, computer bent graphics, silk-screening, hand painting, religious idolatry, glow in the dark pages and even a little bit of baking. "Larry" Was inspired by a book called *Larry: Thoughts Of Youth* from the nineteen twenties. It was about an ideal Christian youth who was killed in a accident and his school published a book which was all about what an inspiration he was." Like most of Ian's books, inspiration somehow becomes contradiction in his hands. Several of Ians' titles have been packaged together (complete with crayons), and a free mail order catalog is available by writing *Pas De Chance* at Box 6704 stn. "A" Toronto, M5W 1X5.

Autopsie D'Un Grand Peintre is a unflinching photographic record of an autopsy...with a surprising performance art twist. This book is approximately 145 pages in length with a brief text accompanying the photo's but since it's all in French I have no idea what it says. Still, the black & white pictures speak the international language of gore so everything's fine. The twist comes in when the guts and grey matter are exposed and curiously becomes puzzle pieces or other odd items in the doctors hands. What is being said here? I don't know but its grizzly fun and if I was an instructor in medical school it would be interesting to substitute this book for a straight text book and watch the eyebrows raise. Hard to get but totally wild.

Recently the Italian edition of *Vanity Fair* ran a spread revealing the garbage of the stars including the non-theatrical trash of Liz Taylor, Jack Nicholson, Madonna, the Reagans, Michael Jackson and Clint Eastwood among others. Liz is heavy (!) on lean cuisine, Marlboro's and tabloids featuring herself, Jack on champagne, magazines and party invitations, Madonna on McDonalds and post-it notes while former President of the United States Nancy discards a rather plain lot of crushed popcans, lowfat milk containers and one very lame looking bra - no wonder Ron naps so much. Where's A.J. Webberman when you need him? On the other end of the cultural scale the February 1991 edition of *Paris Vogue* ran an incredible 40 page spread on the world of Martin Scorsese featuring his parents home, dinner there with De Niro and Marty, profiles of Lorraine Bracco, Toukie Smith and Michael (Peeping Tom) Powell, the Tribeca Film complex as well as reproductions of some of the motion picture story boards Scorsese did as a child. There is also an long fantasy comic story involving Scorsese, Brian DePalma, Sam

Fuller, Jerry Lewis, Stephen Spielberg and a talking dog. The whole thing is both fun and respectful and a must have for fans of America's most respected director (after Steckler).

Rudolf Greys long awaited biography of the Ed Wood Jr. has finally been published under the terrific title *Nightmare Of Ecstasy*. That's certainly a better choice than calling it *Look Back In Angora*. The main body of the book is Wood's life told in anecdotal style ala the Edie Sedgwick book from the eighties. Beginning with childhood recollections from his family and friends ("all the boys wanted to be Flash Gordon except Ed. He wanted to be Dale"), to confirmation of the claim of wearing women's clothing under his army duds, to his many Hollywood associates (read:weirdos) to actual respect (film maker Anthony Cordova, "Ed was a pioneer. I mean he had to do it all. If they knew how he would make his own crosses for the graveyard, and hammer and nails, scrap wood...they're laughing at it but that's a real producer, not just some guy sitting on his ass. That guy did it man, did it all"). The final forth of the book contains a complete filmography, including Wood's extensive work in the late sixties/early seventies porno scene, unrealized projects and the most complete Wood bibliography to date. After an unfortunately dismal career that spanned Lugosi and Vampira, Criswell and Rene Bond, artistic disasters that embraced brilliance (such as Glenn Or Glenda?) and a sad, alcoholic death that only spared him knowing he'd become a laughing stock perhaps Wood has had the last laugh. Last May, several decades after the fact, Time magazine devoted a whole page to Wood's career. (HK)

IN TORONTO..

!*@#

ASK FOR IT
BY NAME!

"Psychopathic disorder" is supposed to mean that you are making trouble and are violent.

the passage of six years wrought a subtle, terrible change. Something was drastically wrong

Dearest Family,

Hoist the flag; proclaim the good news, spread abroad the marvelous tidings; I have something very important to tell you

The other night they had the banquet and instead of going I did something taboo in high places. Sin won the battle. a sudden seriousness changes his fine face for a moment.

I went downtown, the first time for me in two weeks. I was to meet another quivering, unhappy body. I would go again with the bonds of bad habits - to a bar to be next to a human body. I get a thrill out of every little unbiblical norm in ethics that I make in the name of "authentic personality" I need to feel human warmth. Tonight, I told myself, tonight seek another face to find on my pillow the following morning. and here, for the moment, was an oasis of relief. A wave of golden hair rippled over the pillow near me, below the hair a elusive face, watching me with unreturned love, something almost frightening I heard him sobbing, softly. was everyone in this whole world just as unhappy? I wanted to say goodbye to cautious mores But none of my wishes came true. how many times I lie awake dreaming were they something to die for? I'm 'suffering from a mental disorder and

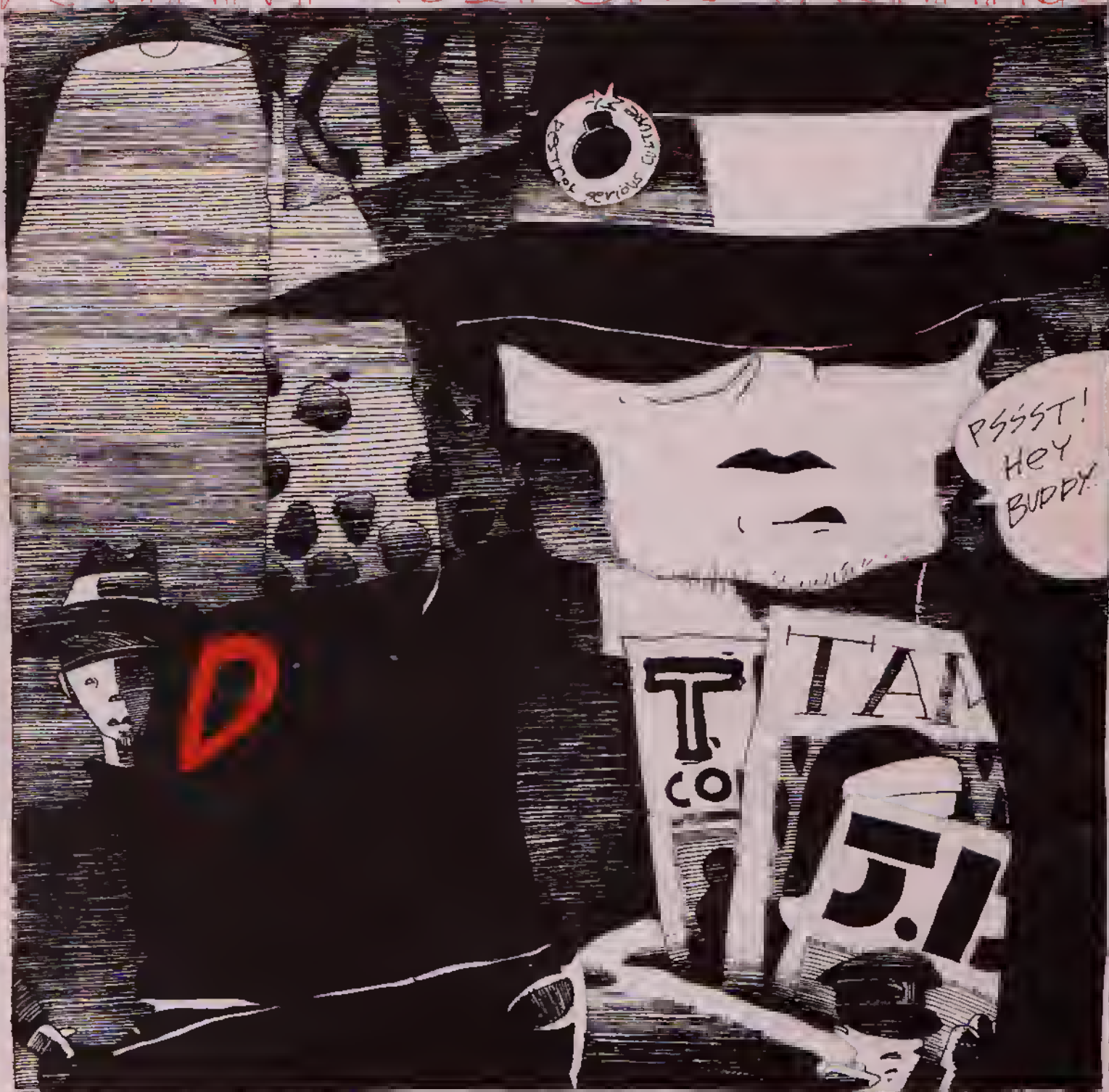
in immediate need of care and control', a black void, in a whirlpool of misery, a misery created by psychic pain due to the rejection by other members of society. Let us turn now to hopes for treatment and cure. therapeutic procedures must be employed if there is to be any real and permanent change



LARRY: A BOYS OWN ADVENTURE

Compactor and that any association would only be beneficial to us as they were such an important paper. Basically fuck you.

DEVILANT CULTURE EXCHANGE



HEAR THE TRUTH ABOUT TRASH EVERY WEDNESDAY AT 2:00pm ON CEE 88.1 IN TORONTO. HOSTED BY HACK KELLY & LAU DANZIS. THE BEST LUTER

president by acquiescing to us. On the other hand I still had an eye towards contributing to the paper. How to get what I want 'Compactor wise but not alienate the editor by being heavy? I then pitched my column idea and suggested that if they were going to continue using Trash Compactor why not let me write it and skip the retread tabloid junk. We agreed that I would write two sample columns on spec and take it from there. So I did and I turned them in and waited. After a couple of weeks I tried calling the editor who was never around and never returned my calls. I felt that if he didn't think they were any good at least he could tell me so but we never did talk. Most of the things I touched on in my two spec columns ended up as feature articles written for the paper by one of their regular contributors. I eventually found a home for my column in a new publication aimed real alternatives called !*@#. I'm probably a hell of a lot better off.